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VIOLETS AND THORNS

FROM A DELL.

BY

DELL HAIR

ILLUSTRATED BY B.E. HUNTLEY.

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Book A25V5

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VIOLETS AND THORNS
FROM A DELL

A Collection of Poems

By DELL HAIR

the Policeman Poet

FOURTH VOLUME

First Edition 5000

Illustrated

BY BERTON E. HUNTLY

Toledo's Greatest Artist

Published by
THE HAIR-WACKE PUBLISHING COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

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Yours Truly

Dell Hair

Biographical Sketch

Dell Hair, the Poet "Cop," was born of Scotch parents, near Morrice, Mich., November 4th, 1871. Since his birth Hair has led more or less of what may be vulgarly termed the wild and woolly life. His father, Joseph Hair, was a blacksmith at a country cross-road, his mother, Mary Fuller, the daughter of a lawyer at Howell, Mich. Unlike a brother, who was a student and is now a minister of the gospel, Dell Hair had no acquiring for even a primary elements of education. Study as he would, he never got away from the foot of his class. Once free from the thraldom of the school room, little Dell spent most of his time feeding, harnessing and driving a huge turtle which he had captured and trained. So weird was his boyhood that the young rhymester was sometimes dubbed "Joe Hair's fool." His intense love for nature early manifested itself in little rhymes—a talent which not unfrequently turned to satire or bitterness against those who had derided his oddities to his face. Often one who had offended young Hair found on his door step or another convenient place a couplet of verse in answer to the jibes. At the age of twelve the father of Dell Hair gave up all hope of educating his son, and put him to work in a brick yard, where the lad earned a dollar a day. Later he left home and was for a time a chore boy in the pineries. When he returned he was put behind the plow, a work which he despised, and towards which he often vented his emotion by stopping in the midst of the furrow and jotting down in rhyme his hatred for the life. Finally Hair, on one clear September day, hitched the team securely to the fence, and set out for his home, telling his mother to bring his drum, as he wished to hive some bees that had alighted near by. The lad, with drum, at once started for Detroit, Mich., and there enlisted in the army. He told the Captain he would like to go where the most danger was. He was sent to Old Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as drummer boy for Company "G" of the Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry.

Although a favorite with the enlisted men, Hair's great talent for versifying often got him in trouble with his superior officers. He was well acquainted with the interior of the Guard House, in which many of the poems of his first volume were written. It was Hair's drum that beat "Boots and Saddles" for the Third Cavalry on the border of Mexico when that troop set out and captured the notorious Mexican bandit Beina Vidies. Geronimo, the renegade chief, has heard that same drum while he was confined in the Guard House at Fort Sill.

A giant in stature, and one of the burliest officers in Toledo, Hair would not be easily taken for a poet. Criminals of the worst type have felt his iron grasp, but the unfortunate women and children who have come under his notice can testify to the great, soft heart within his rugged breast. To become acquainted with Dell Hair, the Poet Cop, is to become acquainted with the world's greatest poet.

THE PUBLISHER.

Preface

The book of verses, entitled "Violets and Thorns from a Dell," has an interest of its own which will win for it a sympathy denied to many more pretentious volumes. Neither the verses which make up the collection nor the numerous drawings that illustrate them are the artificial studies of the schools, but the spontaneous outpouring of children of nature.

Mr. Dell Hair, the poet, is Merchant Police of the city of Toledo, O. The environment of his life is not Parnassus, but the city sidewalk and slums with the humdrum troubles of the poor and the lonely. Yet his thoughts have reached out to the ideal. The blue-coat and brass buttons, and the petty commonplace have not fettered the soul. The inner man is always free if he so wills and is capable of freedom.

Beside the "mute inglorious Milton" there is his brother superior singing softly to himself as he patrols the city street and alley.

The dreams that crowd the imagination and quicken the pulse of those whose thoughts are masked and not assumed by the teachers and whose voice leavens only the fellow common man and the home fireside, have surely a unique interest.

The sincere revelation of such a heart is a human document for ages to come.

REV. FATHER J. P. WACHOWSKI.

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

Mr. Printer, I present thee
  With some verse composed by me—
Now, in printing, spell correctly,
  For I leave it all with thee.

Where big letters may be needed,
  Kindly place where they belong;
I have left them here and yonder,
  Some are right, and more are wrong.

Periods you'll find all over,
  Question marks at every sight;
Semicolons—cannot make them—
  Kindly twist till all is right.

I never went to school in summer;
  Name was stricken from the roll;
With my dinner and my primer
  Was present at the swimming hole.

I never went to school in winter;
  Garments thin winds would me scan;
Boys were always me snow balling,
  Besides, the teacher was a man.

Yet, verse with me comes forth incessant,
  Like the spring from mountain top;
While it's effort for some people,
  It's a task for me to stop.

Publish not this letter, printer,
  All would say that I'm a fool;
That I am, but keep it quiet,
  For I never went to school.

Always played the silly truant,
  And my school days now are fled;
Keep this secret, Mr. Printer,
  Burn this sheet and go ahead.

"This parting will not break my heart."

"FAREWELL TO THE PLOW."

Plow—you and I this day must part,
Nor does it break the poet's heart;
We've labored, plow, both night and day,
Received no praise, and little pay;
You were black when I begun,
Now you shine like noonday sun,
Men on the gaze, and from thee go,
You seem a ball of fire below;
We know the spot where red men lay,
We heaved their bones, at dawn of day.
Many a field we did explore,
Plowing a dozen years or more.
I spent my earnings here and there,
And you sent yours for a shear,
Where mine all went I cannot tell
But I always did your errand well.
To please our masters we did try,
That, friend plow—they can't deny.
But somehow, plow, you are a shirk,
Were you not pulled, you would not work.

No man that's made of flesh and bone
Can follow you 'mongst stump and stone.
When point ducks down, and handles rear,
Lest he'd stop and gently swear.
I've seen you halt, in twain come traces,
The team and I would then change places.
They'd knock me down and run away
And where you were, there you would stay.
But alas, alas, our race is run
And I forgive you all you've done,
But you must work, by day or night,
Or else the poet cannot write.
'Tis now, old friend, I bid good-bye.
But can't I list to your reply?

THE PLOW REPLIES.

You can, and what I say is true,
Though I'll not speak so long as you.
You never yet did me beguile
Although you drank once in a while,
I trusted you, was beat nay, never.
And what is more, I'll trust you ever;
You have some friends of great renown,
There are few who try to pull you down,
And were you down, they would not stop,
Then never take another drop,
I will labor day and night,
Give you ample time to write,
Through mud and water I will wallow,
But never take another swallow.
And when you find a loved one dear,
And wintry winds are cold and drear,
When you are making her your bride,
Remember I'm alone outside.

POET'S RESPONSE.

Your good advice I'll heed just now,
May God's blessing rest on you, plow,
Before I'm numbered with the dead
The world will know what thou hast said,
To remember this, I'll ever try.
Farewell, old plow—Well Dell, good-bye.

THE WRECK OF THE TITANIC.

Not a wave on the Atlantic—
Every star lit in the sky—
All was joy on the Titanic—
None were dreaming death was nigh.

Soon the crash and all was silent
In those hours so dark and dim;
Peaceful brine, now mad and violent,
Angry waves came rolling in.

"Lower life boats," next was thundered,
And no other vessel nigh.
"Don the life belts, we have blundered,"
Was the Captain's awful cry.

With the temperature near zero,
While the wireless danger waved,
Bruce Ismay, the would-be hero,
Was the first man to be saved.

All saw death in this disaster.
Soon the vessel waves would hide.
Calm and peaceful Col. Astor
Left his millions and his bride.

Many wives with husbands perished
Ere all hope of life had flown.
They who long had loved and cherished
Preferred grim death to life alone.

Millionaires and many others,
When the sea called for its toll,
Stepped aside for wives and mothers,
God have mercy on their souls.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the time will come,
When the shriek of the fife and roll of the drum
Will call from his home, each available man,
To lower the banner of conceited Japan.

Because of her victory conceit it runs high,
They boldly proclaim they'll conquer or die,
When she sees our soldiers, hears the roar of one gun
'Twill then be a case of die, dog, or run.

They've upbraided our teachers, they've cursed all our laws
Without provocation, some day without cause,
They'll load their old cannons and ope wide the gates
And pour shot and shell in the United States.

Perhaps for a season this fight they'll delay
Till their ranks are re-filled by the boys now at play,
Then death shall decide, on sea and on shore,
And the sooner it's fought, the sooner it's o'er.

There is no time to worry, or dream of our fate,
We've got them to lick, either early or late.
We should purchase more guns, ammunition and mule,
And not stand and dream of Christ's golden rule.

Golden rule is all right, in the sweet time of peace
When nation loves nation, and the war howl doth cease,
But when shot and shell on your head doth descend,
It's mighty poor stuff on which to depend.

Were I there to fight them, I'd be brave and bold,
My medals I'm sure no one coat could hold,
But to take such a journey, I'm a little too fat,
So I think I will stay in the town where I'm at.

"Over the falls, then away to the sea"

WATERS OF MINNEHAHA.

From clouds in the heavens
  To river and rill
We tumble in joy
  And travel at will.

Through woodlands and valleys,
  Through city and moor,
Still oft do we linger
  And play near the shore.

We oft see great pleasure
As onward we glide,
The smile of a groom,
The crown of a bride.

We see merry makers
In tent and in hall;
We list to their music
And dance to their call.

We see merry children
All busy at play,
Their parents at labor
Till light fades away.

We've seen midst the wealthy
A grand Christmas night
The inmates were happy
And sang in delight.

We've oft times seen women
With paper and pen
Mourning and writing
Of the treachery of men.

We've seen weary travelers
Lie down in the road.
And widows and orphans
With unbearable load.

We've heard cries of anguish
And prayers asked to save
As somebody's darling
Was borne to the grave.

From nude and the hungry
We've oft heard a cry;
Seen others with millions
Pass smilingly by.

We've seen men and women
In beauty and health
Cursing their Maker,
Cause, absence of wealth.

We've seen those with riches,
All would be ignored;
They'd start as a beggar
Could health be restored.

Well—we must glide onward,
  We hear mighty calls
That we are now wanted
  To leap o'er the falls.

So farewell to the lands
  As onward we wind,
For we are most anxious
  Minnehaha to find.

Remember this ever,
  As you sow shall you reap,
We'll to cataract go
  And make our last leap.

Then off to the ocean,
  To the tune of tra la
Sang by the sweet waters
  Of Minnehaha.

"We tumble at will"

"Will they ever return?"

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

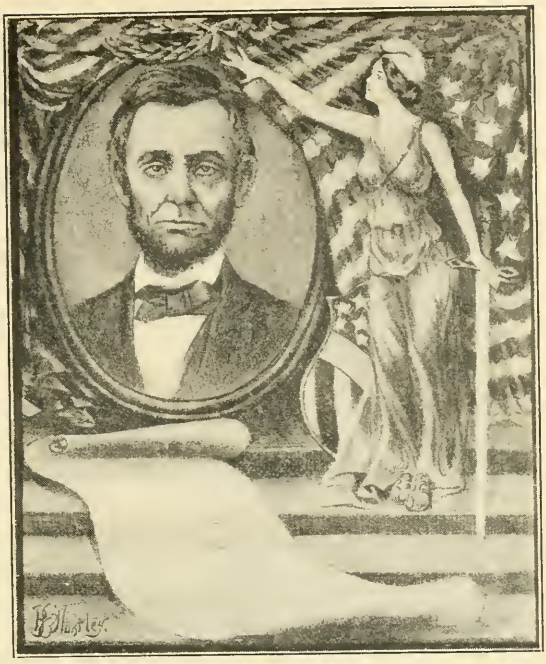
Too late for thy prayers,
  Our plannings are done,
Thy husband hath perished,
  So likewise thy son.
They have now closed their eyes
  In death's lasting sleep.
They are rocked by the billows
  On the breast of the deep.

In midst of the tempest
They prayed, but in vain
That they might see home
And mother again.
They prayed with that anguish
That knoweth no rest
For another sweet kiss
From the babe at the breast.

Their voice was deafened
To the Father who saves,
The wind in its fury
Sent higher the waves.
The strength there was tested
Of each vessel found;
Their boat was found wanting,
The inmates were drowned.

To mourn for the lifeless
Must they who do live,
The hand of God taketh,
The same hand doth give,
The same hand to heaven
Will a worthy soul guide,
Be it king or a fisherman,
From throne or from tide.

Alone in thy dwelling
This night thou shalt weep,
The child on thy breat
Doth peacefully sleep,
To the cause of the helpless
They yielded their breath,
Like the treachery of men
So our motto is death.



"All men shall be free"

TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

One hundred years ago today,
In the Lincoln hut a baby lay,
Midst humble walls which winds did scan,
They named the infant Abraham.

There was little fire and little light,
But o'er that dwelling shone that night
An emblem which all men can see—
Truth, Love, Light and Liberty.

As the child grew up, he learned to pray,
He sought and found the narrow way;
Oft other children him did shun
Because of the humble labor done.

Good books did now become his fad,
He borrowed all his neighbors had,
He sought good works from shore to shore,
By fireplace pored them o'er and o'er.

With wedge and sledge he pounded rails;
Was soon made master of the mails;
He wrestled too with all the boys,
At the town of Salem, Illinois.

Now he so long the truth had sought,
To the side of Douglas he was brought,
A battle they in words did tell
Douglas before great Lincoln fell.

On and on swept Lincoln's fame,
The babe on breast was taught his name,
This self-made man, by the candles' glare
Was twice elected to the chair.

No cause for slavery could he see,
And knowing all men should be free,
Midst planters' threats and southern jeers,
His call went forth for volunteers.

Shall we thus stand, or shall we fall?
Then brave men bid adieu to all,
With steel and lead, they victory won,
The north and south, today are one.

The name of Lincoln, the man self made,
Though ages roll, shall never fade,
Nor will his labors ever die,
But like the sun in a cloudless sky
Will shine forever.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE FORT SILL GUARD HOUSE, O. T.

All wrapt in darkness sleeps the world,
And in the cell wherein I lay
All light, all peace tonight is furled,
The paint cup fadeth not away.

The thrush has stilled his merry song,
The beetle too has taken flight,
The screech owl to her nest has gone,
Bats complain of the starless night.

Coyotes scream on Medicine lawn,
For they with terror this night are stirred.
They fear their sight forever gone
And one is lost from the prowling herd.

The gar lies silent in his nest,
The serpent too sleeps sound in coil,
No more the eagle thinks he's blest,
His sight expires that long was loyal.

Prairie dogs imagining harm,
Place sentinels on each lot,
At the rattlers hiss they bark alarm,
Or at wild boars' loggy trot.

The doe tonight is sleeping sound,
Till morn she need not take her flight,
She'll not be sought by any hound,
Here she's thankful for the night.

At the red man's city far away,
Where quietly sleep the hosts,
The ring of tom-toms plainly say
Depart ye, every ghost.

The moon said light, but clouds restraint,
Now still of darkness reigns,
Mine ears receive the tongue's complaint
So weary of my chains.

My officers I now disdain,
Their laws I did rebel,
Now centipedes with me complain
Of the mouldy dismal cell.

Here's a breath from a flowered field;
I taste its sweet perfume;
I hear a whisper, this I yield,
Yet none know where we bloom.

Now a key turns in my cell,
They wonder if I've fled;
I could as easily flee from hell,
The tomb if I were dead.

On the morn I'll be unbound,
To bury a comrade brave,
Who after years down here has found
Sweet rest beyond the grave.

Now I hear among the stars
The voice of her that's gone;
I hear an echo on the bars,
Seems mingled with her song.

She whom I loved lies in the tomb,
Her smile I now can see;
God loved this bud and called her home;
This broke a heart for me.

Darker, darker grows my way,
The breezes ceased, the song is done
The music too has flown away;
The clock above is tolling one.

My weary lids begin to meet,
Objects come and pass away,
Now I'm falling in a sleep,
I must yield, I'm gone till day.

"To a better world"

LIFE'S REVERIE.

Beyond the river rest our loved ones,
Young and old, the gay and fair.
Like the dew drops of the morning,
That quickly vanish into air.

We learn to love, we learn to cherish,
Then death our joy turns to gloom;
The many lips that spoke so kindly
Now are silent in the tomb.

The sweet, sweet memory of our childhood,
Which for them doth make us yearn,
Then is it strange we weep in silence
As their bones to dust return?

Faces once full round and smiling
Are furrowed, withered, pale and wan;
As seasons change the blush of roses,
So doth time the face of man.

Time doth heal man's care and sorrow;
Time leads all to realms above;
The hardest task for Time to conquer
Is to kill a mortal's love.

Souls of loved ones long departed
In fancy over there we see.
Life's summer o'er, we see our children
Weep for the dead as now do we.

Man builds domes which near the heavens,
Man below the beasts can fall;
Man rules all things in creation,
But death is leveler of us all.

Many a soul is marked for heaven
Which the path of sorrow trod;
They who glory in great riches
Care not for the love of God.

Good and brave the heart then beateth
Spite of trials and earthly scorns;
Many are the buds that open,
Though concealed by piercing thorns.

He whom poverty distresseth
Needs not quite discouraged be;
The stream whose current is unnoticed
Steadily moves on toward the sea.

The fool will scoff while brother suffers;
From weary lids come many tears;
The harp whose music is the sweetest
Is but a pain for many ears.

Long lives deceit in all Life's pathways:
It doth reign throughout the lands,
And many erstwhile good and faithful
Have fallen prostrate at its hands.

Evil-doers, anon they linger,
Born to rule, though not on high.
The rose whose fragrance is the sweetest
Is first that's plucked and first to die.

The vulgar tongue that never tireth
Cares little for the harm that's done;
The smallest cloud that dots the heavens
Can mar the splendor of the sun.

Midst Life's scoffers comes a stranger,
Clothed in beauty as a bride:
As noxious verdure cloaks a lily,
So they his beauty strive to hide.

The Christian leaves his work unfinished
In other hands to take his flight;
So must the glorious sun of evening
Trust Earth's beauty unto night.

The unborn shall yet work wonders;
We now sow that they may reap.
Precious is the pearl and amber
That lies buried in the deep.

Of all creation Man is highest;
Too often selfishness his goal;
He may prosper, he must perish,
And trust his Maker with his soul.

When women try to give us tips,
The deadly germs dwell on our lips,
And she no longer cares for bliss,
That man don't live that she would kiss.

Please list to me: I'm never ill,
I don't know when I took a pill;
Always feeling blithe and gay.
My song's been heard a mile away.

I fear no man that walks the road,
A ton for me is an easy load;
To catch a thief I never missed—
These are the women I have kissed.

I've kissed women young and old,
Women loving, women cold,
Women bald and those with hair,
Women dark and women fair.

Women yellow, women red,
Some were well, some sick in bed,
Girls in hobbles, girls in pants—
All I ask is half a chance.

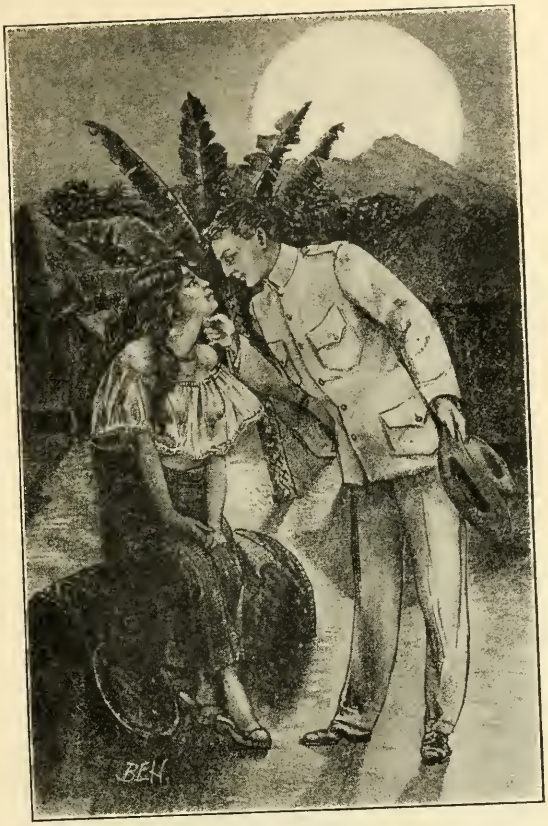
Women sour, women sweet,
Some had bunions on their feet,
Some were married, men away,
Others strolling for the day.

Women humble, women proud,
Some could scarcely speak aloud,
Others sorting out their text,
Kissed one day and died the next.

Women large and women small,
Women short and women tall,
Women poor, some had the gold,
Some kept the secret, others told.

I've kissed women by the score,
No man ere dared to kiss before,
Gouty aunts in fall or May—
I've never seen an unwell day.

The trade I learned when but a boy,
And its a job I much enjoy;
She who calls man "Bacteria" slob
Can find no one to do the job.



A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Oh, sweet Phillopina, the pride of this land,
I can say what I please, for you can't understand.
Your form is so perfect—like a raven your hair;
If I e'er saw your equal I cannot tell where.

Perpetual sunshine and rose-scented air
Is a cure I've learned for ill-health and care.
Oh, how I do love you! and how I do wish
That basket held me instead of the fish.

Away from my loved ones, my kindred, my all,
I left them behind to answer the call.
I hope that thy memory me long will maintain.
Farewell, native maiden, I may meet thee again.

"That's my lover's voice"

MY LOVER'S VOICE.

I hear my lover's voice,
  I hear him chant his song;
His notes upon the water
  Re-echo loud and long.

Did he know that here I listened
  To him above them all,
He'd surely come to meet me,
  I soon would hear his call.

Were there no love, no sunshine
  Would thrill my throbbing heart,
I'll be true to him while living,
  In death we'll never part.

Then we'll be happy hunters
  Midst buffalos galore,
We'll join in the chorus
  Of our kindred gone before.

GOOD BYE: GOD SPARE YOU.

WHEN THE SECOND CALL WAS MADE.

Peace hath not returned, the War Dogs are growling,
The Blue Coats will surely the victory gain.
I'll think of thee, dearie, when cannons are howling
Their tongues spit fire, lead, death and pain.

One kiss and I'm off to the smoked fields of battle
Where bright sabres drip with gore of brave men,
And bleached skulls together in trenches will rattle,
And slaves will all be free beings again.

If I return not, I died for Old Glory;
If unmarked be my grave, I pray thee not mourn.
I'll not be alone when mangled and gory,
For others will wake at the blast of the horn.

DEARIE'S REPLY.

Farewell! Farewell! Go with thee God's blessing,
He giveth much joy, and taketh away.
This may be the last fond earthly caressing,
Good-bye, God spare you, and watch all the way.

"What a magazine."

MY FIRST BALL.

When I was a boy I cried for a ball,
No substitute offered would answer at all.
My parents were poor to such an extent
It took all the money to live and pay rent.

One day an old friend woke me from my nap.
Said he: "In yon field, there's a skunk in my trap.
Its fur is now good—it's late in the fall."
"I'll kill him," said I, "trade his pelt for a ball."

I heard it related one should without fail
If fighting a skunk first take hold his tail,
His strength would diminish, he to rest would repair;
Not unlike unto Samson when they chopped off his hair.

I approached without sound, as I did from my goal.
His tail was outside, his head in the hole.
Said I: "Not in vain did I make this long trip."
And onto his tail I fastened my grip.

Now, Mr. Skunk, you have no defense,
I'll have a fine ball—you'll pay the expense.
That vile fetid liquid that teems from your trail
Will remain undisturbed while I hold to your tail.

I can use your nice fur, I can sell your fine fat.
Then, Biff! Bang! Bing! Away went my hat.
Another long spray took me by surprise
Before I could wink he had charged my two eyes.

I held to my hold but turned to the rear;
He aimed his injector straight for my ear.
He tried by all means my presence to rout,
While I waited and prayed that his powder give out.

Shall I stand like a soldier or cowardly flunk?
My playing base ball depends on this skunk.
Pain, tears and Hades by me were now seen,
How long, thought I, is the skunk's magazine?

Said I: "It's all over, to die is my lot,
The harder I pulled, the hotter it got.
"Cease firing," said I, "or death is my doom."
I again was charged with that lasting perfume.

"See here, Mr. Skunk, I'm not far from dead,
I've enough of this end; now I'll tackle your head."
Midst tears, complete deafness, a sigh and a groan,
I mashed his skull in with a club and a stone.

Just before dying, for fear I'd forget
His presence when living, I another charge met.
I met you, I fought you, not once did I funk;
On feeling, I found 'twas off with the skunk.

Soon I, with my victim, was plodding my way
Back to the cot to hear what they'd say;
They advised me abscond from the presence of all,
But I bought with that skunk that much wanted ball.

FIFTEENTH STREET BEFORE SCRAPED BY PUNKHEAD.

I plowed it and I dragged it,
  Held scraper night and day;
I drove a pair of cripples,
  One black and one a bay.

Was paid a mite for wages
  This very line explains:
I was not paid from taxes,
  Me paid me for my brains.

No more will I hold scraper
  Or on thornbush sip my Rio.
I'm now a tax-paid blubber
  At Toledo, In Ohio.

THE POET ON THE FARM.

When night is come, winds sing about,
Few cows are stalled and few are out,
To save few steps is now my plot,
Maybe I'll milk and maybe not.
If from the skies cold wind descends
I may bring wood, that all depends;
When fair July and sun doth meet
I'd gladly work but for the heat.
And when the glorious sun is fled
'Tis time the honest were in bed.
I sometimes plow, I sometimes sow,
Sit on the fence and watch weeds grow.
I sat in sand till I was burned
And from the ant no lesson learned.
My wife though frail, cried out it's sad,
Oh, that my boy won't be like dad.

THE FARMER ON THE FARM.

When night is come and chores are done
I'll slumber on till rising sun
    Shall kiss the earth and every brow,
    Then I'll away to field with plow;
I'll turn the soil, I'll pull the weeds,
I'll harrow then and scatter seeds,
    I'll then reverse with greater pains,
    Then watch the clouds for many rains.
At harvest I'll go forth to reap;
I'll scarcely then take time to sleep.
    With crops secure, my wife and bairns
    Rejoice, no famine then returns.

"On us the sun is going down"

ON THE SANTE FE TRAIL.

How well I remember the time, Laurie,
When you were my beautiful bride,
I the happiest boy on the plain, Laurie,
My heart was o'erflowing with pride.

I plucked the rose in the breeze, Laurie,
To me you were then just as fair.
When its fragrance we shared in the breeze, Laurie,
I twined it alone in your hair.

The pecans fell close at our feet, Laurie,
The nightingale warbled his tune;
On the bridge at twilight we'd meet, Laurie,
And talk of the beauties of June.

We watched the rat at its play, Laurie,
As we sat by the clear, limpid rill;
How little I thought of today, Laurie,
As I gazed on you, sweetest Gill.

You read me the news in the shade, Laurie,
Your smile drove all troubles away.
Like the beautiful rose thou didst fade, Laurie,
And white are your locks, dear, today.

"We looked for water beyond"

O'er the Sante Fe Trail we would ride, Laurie,
And look for waters beyond.
My face in the stream I would hide, Laurie,
As the spring to my thirst did respond.

We erected the crosses that fell, Laurie,
On the spots where heroes were slain.
Oft rattlers in cactus would tell, Laurie,
One danger that lurked on the plain.

We passed the coach with its mail, Laurie,
We greeted the driver with hand.
Oft Redmen would follow our trail, Laurie,
Our capture and murder was planned.

Your aim with the rope was so true, Laurie,
For upon the plains you were born;
Your skill would be watched by the crew, Laurie,
As the steer plowed the sod with his horn.

But our days of roping are o'er, Laurie,
And white is our once raven brow;
As ever, your smile I adore, Laurie,
Though traced by time's motored plow.

Soon this clay in the grave will be laid, Laurie,
In the promise of life let us trust;
For peace with our Maker is made, Laurie,
And sweet is the sleep of the just.

(Lion) "I guess I'll go, too"

TED IN THE JUNGLES.

Here comes Ted with powder and lead,
We must vamose or be numbered as dead;
Our fathers, our mothers, our kindred have fell;
Our peaceful haunts he has turned into hell.

Our rights were supreme to conquer our theme,
We fought for years in the sun's brightest gleam,
We mastered this land, protected the stork,
Our skins are now wanted in little New York.

We've caused deathly moans, we've slept on the bones
Of natives who sought us with axes and stones.
An invader is come, who masters our land:
Not a hair on his head did we ever see stand.

The tiger turns pale when Ted's on his trail,
The brave rhinoceros shows but his tail:
African monsters will rejoice in throngs
When he's home fighting Spaniards where he belongs.

THE BABY WE LOVE.

This is the babe whom dearly we love,
Sent to our home by the angels above,
Guarded by hands and a true mother's prayer,
We have brought her to this with abundance of care.

When I think of the past and the change she has brought
My appetite's gone for which I once sought,
Oft in my anger on her I have smiled:
We thank Thee, Oh God, for the love of our child.

"This note is due."

"THE BANKER AND THE BARD."

Your note is due, we've waited long,
  Our patience all have fled,
We'll sue you and a judgment take,
  'Twill live when you are dead.

We've asked of thee, by word and pen,
  Our kindness you ignore,
Now we've resolved to sue this note,
  And beg of thee no more.

Your promise we regard as naught,
  Your voice becomes immune,
'Tis April, and you said you'd pay
  A year ago last June.

You for the common peaple stand,
  Yea, unions you uphold;
We'll take the coal that thou wouldn't burn
  And leave thee in the cold.

My note is due, that's nothing strange,
  And, sir, I cannot pay,
There's been a score beside yourself,
  With that same old gag today.

I saw men reap a harvest, sir,
  I ventured, I did fail;
The law reads this—it's not a crime
  For which men go to jail.

That you're angry, sir, I'm well aware,
  I your patience did betray;
This face of mine can make more debts
  Than these hands can ever pay.

I see upon your angry brow
  A look of wrath and scorn;
A mortgaged roof has sheltered me
  Since the day that I was born.

My father was a blacksmith, sir—
  In Bradstreet not enrolled,
He died and left the family
  With very little gold.

And I was called the drone, sir,
By many who were wise,
I drained the cup when very young,
Hard work I did despise.

One day I found a girl, sir,
Who was good and kind to me;
She spurned me not for drinking—
I was suited to a T.

She asked me to her dwelling,
Many visits I did pay,
We at last were married
On a cold Thanksgiving day.

I still patronized the breweries,
A saloon could hardly pass;
I always sought and found the man
Who sold the biggest glass.

One day there came a baby,
Whom I love more than life;
I put the brakes on slightly;
Gave my appetite the knife.

I never starve my family,
My tongue they did not dread;
When baby talked she prayed for me,
Whene'er she went to bed.

But I was not so godly;
At prayer I did not go;
I always praise my Maker
With fiddle and banjo.

In years I saw the folly, sir,
And drinking I did stop;
For all the wealth that you possess
I would not touch a drop.

Babe says her prayers were answered,
And this she loved to tell,
That aching head that once I had
Is clear as any bell.

I have no education,
I don't need it in my biz;
From many thoughts that pass me,
I grasp the best there is.

I always could write verses,
And this I do enjoy;
I wrote epitaphs for chickens
When but a tiny boy.

They always came when needed
And why I can't explain;
It's no task upon the muscles,
No strain upon the brain.

I'm not a financier—
I never had the time
For planning and for scheming
How to make another dime.

I try to be a man, sir,
To pay that is my text;
If I can't pay you this year,
I'll try and settle next.

You're not the meanest man on earth,
There's those whom hell doth seek;
It's he who offers women
One seventy-five per week.

They in the great hereafter
Will be summoned to the throne,
For sins cast on another's soul
Will surely lose their own.

Good-bye, my nickel grabber,
Don't die with fits and cramps;
If you insist on dunning
I'll furnish you with stamps.

THINGS I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

There are men in this country much wiser than I;
To solve these problems I did many times try;
So doomed to defeat, I a listener stand
While you answer the questions I don't understand.

The man is arrested who unlawfully takes bread,
Though his family is starving, to the Tombs he is led.
While the forger, bank-wrecker, walk hand in hand,
And are cleared at first trial. This I don't understand.

The lawyer will rise to the jury and plead,
Show cause why the murderer and thief should be freed.
If wealth's not forthcoming, it is raised by a band.
The asylum for him. This I don't understand.

For fifteen long years man goes to the pen
When he is found guilty of stealing one hen.
He who killed a policeman receives a reprimand,
And is five years imprisoned. This I don't understand.

How men of intelligence can go to the polls
To express their judgment, the ballot unrolls,
After years of bunk and injustice have scanned,
Elects an ass for a Mayor. This I don't understand.

Old John D. possesses a mountain of gold,
While widows and orphans go hungry and cold.
By him fuel and light are advanced through the land,
Why he prays to his Maker. This I don't understand.

The soldier will fight in the worst of the fray,
While the faithful at home for his welfare doth pray.
Shoulder straps in no danger, through the trump gives command,
Yet receives all the credit. This I don't understand.

Woman, though lovely, oft judgment doth lack.
Her cheeks they are painted; pads on her back.
How she can improve what our Maker hath planned,
With sawdust and powder. This I don't understand.

A man may have brains, be entitled to crown,
But if money is lacking, like a dog he lies down.
Wealth buys all but life in this great world so grand.
Why for this plans are lacking, I don't understand.

If you answer my questions and answer them now,
In humble submission to your wisdom I'll bow.
To help here each other is thy Father's command.
Kindly answer the questions I don't understand.

WELCOME, G. A. R.

We have looked for thee long, we greet thee with cheer.
We displayed our banners as the hours drew near.
Some hand has planted in our midst near and far,
This emblem in flowers, "Welcome, G. A. R."

Ye heroes who fought this Union to save,
Ye who boldly proclaimed but one flag shall wave,
Ye who from wife and children once fled,
Shall be honored while living and wept for when dead.

Ye who have heard the grim roar of the gun,
Ye who struggled and the victory won,
Ye who the banner to the winds did display,
Are welcome, thrice welcome, in Toledo today.

While assembled in joy, remember the dead,
Who among strangers fought and gallantly bled.
Brother fought brother, dealing death all the way.
Time turned War to joy, friends are Blue and the Gray.

Our doors stand ajar; you are welcome to all—
We're proud of the heroes who answered the call.
We love you for others, we've no love to spare.
We trust that we also your great love may share.

This Golden Rule craze of course is a farce;
Mayorality timber at present is scarce.
That the Chief is still living, a mystery remains;
He is one ton of fat to a half ounce of brains.

"Owls tell no tales"

HER TRIP TO THE WELL.

"Well, the nerve of thee, stranger, I ne'er saw before;
You'd a fair maiden shock, don't squeeze me no more,
For should I grow angry, mother I'd tell
What happened to me on that trip to the well.

"Why, stranger, I'll scream, I'm so filled with fear,
Yet I think it's so foolish, there's nobody near.
I did scream once in a dark, lonely lane;
A neighbor boy kissed me, and nobody came.

"What! You give me a smack. Will it cure my scowl?
There's two that will see you—the bat and the owl.
The sun is in hiding—you move like a snail—
The man in the moon never yet told a tale.

"Well, who are you, stranger, and what is your name?
Burt Huntley, the artist, from Toledo you came.
You work for Dell Hair, his calling you serve.
Then to me you're no stranger—no wonder you've nerve!"

"Fools are never mayors."

ANYTHING FOR MAYOR.

When I am Mayor, dearie,
  You shall have a hat.
At present I'm a lawyer,
  But receive no cash for that.

Folks come into my office;
  They think I am insane.
They gaze upon my profile,
  Then walk right out again.

Yet I will be a Mayor;
  Then watch and you will see—
I'll steer a big ice-breaker
  Through the treacherous old Maumee.

I then sent my sweet picture
  Across the raging main
With one gold Wamba button
  To the king and queen of spain.

But fools are never Mayors—
  They don't fall heir, like a king.
Well, I'm going to Toledo;
  They elect there anything.

HIS CREDIT NO GOOD.

I would like a pair of breeches, Johnny Flynn,
But I'm minus of the riches, Johnny Flynn.
I can pay a dime today—
I'll be back the first of May—
Can I take the pants away, Johnny Flynn?

Oh, the seat is out of these, Johnny Flynn,
I can feel the slightest breeze, Johnny Flynn.
If snowflakes should begin,
They would fall upon bare skin;
I hope no girl comes in, Johnny Flynn.

Are shirts retailed in here, Johnny Flynn?
I have one I hold most dear, Johnny Flynn.
Old maids at me have grinned,
Since the tail's gone with the wind;
For years I kept it pinned, Johnny Flynn.

Do you handle derby hats, Johnny Flynn?
One was swallowed by the rats, Johnny Flynn.
I had one I called my own,
Boys mashed it with a stone.
They have gone to parts unknown, Johnny Flynn.

I read it in the News, Johnny Flynn,
You sold second-handed shoes, Johnny Flynn.
These uppers served me well,
But the soles have gone to hell—
No lie to you I tell, Johnny Flynn.

This coat is not my own, Johnny Flynn;
My socks would stand alone, Johnny Flynn.
Should zero weather land,
Its pangs I could not stand—
To live till Spring I've planned, Johnny Flynn.

What! you say my word is void, Johnny Flynn?
And by me you've been annoyed, Johnny Flynn?
If new clothes you won't advance,
On the road I'll take a chance,
With no seat in my pants, Johnny Flynn.

MY DRUNKEN PILOT.

In Oklahoma's distant land,
For many years I took my stand;
Connected with the boys most true,
Donning there a suit of blue.
My friend and I once missed the roll,
We filled a basket for a stroll;
We crossed both ditch and mighty ridge,
And last we came to Medicine Bridge.
Now Medicine River, understand,
Is many feet below the land.
My friend did now permission ask
To ope the larger smiling flask.
He drank—I thought he'd never stop—
I would not touch a single drop.
My burden now was lighter made;
He called a halt upon the grade,
And here he drank till sun was low.
At last we thought 'twas time to go.
I had no dread of coming night;
Besides, the basket now was light.
Darkness soon prevailed o'er land;
'Twas hard for my good pal to stand;
We thought it best no more to roam,
And started, as we supposed, for home.
We turned around to wander back,
But somehow struck a different track.
We walked a rock upon a ridge,
Of course we thought it was the bridge.
We hurried on at breakneck pitch;
At last we reached a mammoth ditch.
He made a run, the ditch to leap;
I followed him, being half asleep;
Down, down and down, we took a drop,
He underneath and I on top.
Now of my back I made a bier,
For the hospital tried to steer—
Think not, dear reader, I was tight,
Though I did think I saw a light.
Then came a ghost in a snowy shroud:
"Drop him!" called a voice loud.

When bank was scaled, I raised my head
And yelled at him, "Jack, are you dead?"
"Yes, I am dead; I am, forsooth."
Of course I knew 'twas not the truth.
The Post by me could not be found;
I woke next morn in the burying ground.
I viewed my clothes, I felt my face;
Said, "Well, I'm in the proper place."
Just then there came along a guard
Who further progress from me barred:
"Halt!" now quoth he, with ill bid zest,
And placed poor me under arrest.
"This instant you'll march back to Sill,
For you are wanted at the mill."
Escape there was not use to try,
'Twas face Old Daggett with a sigh.
"You were drunk," and then he hollers,
"Forty days and forty dollars!"

MY EXPERIENCE AS A SOLDIER.

When but a lad I lived at home,
In the brick cot on the hill;
It had long been my desire to roam
Since I'd heard of old Fort Sill.

Thus years found me a man in size,
No more could I resist;
Little did Father realize
One of nineteen could enlist.

But I soon became a soldier,
Least a cooler of poor Rio;
Well—term it a fish-ball moulder,
At Columbus in Ohio.

I at first was simply baited;
Still all was well with me,
Till I was vaccinated
And assigned to Company "G."

I first wrote out a butter bill,
For joking is their mission;
When I asked, was landed in the mill,
For bayonet ammunition.

"Hold to your boots, they're blowing taps,"
A veteran said to me.
"Salute your Corporal, then perhaps
They'll give you reveille."

There were now two more to pity,
One was Murphy, so he said;
The other Ellis Fetty—
Three more cowards never tread.

We made our applications,
Thinking 'twould be best;
They put us on full rations
And sent us way out west.

Of Boston beans we had three cans,
To last us all the way;
Hard tack made by our own hands,
Coffee, one cup per day.

Well, Fetty became excited
  Upon this hideous tour,
And from the train alighted
  Running sixty miles per hour.

We now mourned our dear friend's fate,
  Also expressed with pity
His many deeds, from morn till late
  Till we struck Kansas City.

Murphy indulged quite freely here,
  Not thinking his name inserted
On many a sheet before and rear,
  And at this point deserted.

I went alone unto the end;
  Old Daggett there was waiting;
I told the tale without a bend,
  I heard his molars grating.

That fool, he did upbraid me;
  Oh, how he cursed and swore!
For a month no cash was paid me,
  But I'll meet him on that shore.

WOMAN'S CREATION.

Man's naught but dust, own this we must;
We'd deny it if we could.
God formed the sand, told him to stand,
And then pronounced him good.

Not strange to say, another day
He did not feel repaid,
For all He wrought, and then He thought
Improvements might be made.

So by surprise, He closed his eyes,
In Scriptures you will find,
He made a bride from Adam's side,
So this was dust refined.

This was a day not thrown away,
And prove to you I can,
A lovely form this day was born,
More beautiful than man.

He called her Eve, we must believe,
And warned her for His sake
To shun and flee from wonder tree,
Lest Adam would awake.

This did not suit, she plucked the fruit,
Ere long was she forlorn,
And He sublime, and in due time
A child to them was born.

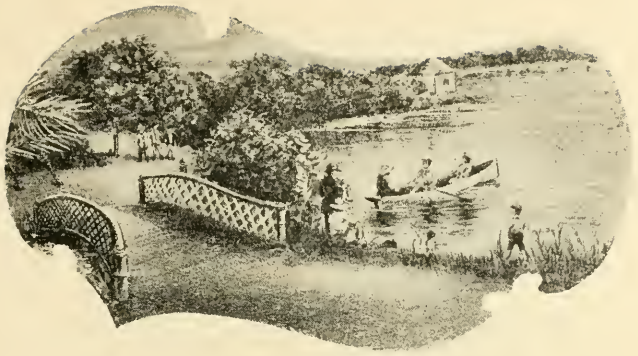
'Twas this unfurled the mighty world;
The die for all was cast.
His practice first upon the worst
Was perfected at the last.

"Riches I have plenty, joys I have none."

LOVED BUT LOST.

Riches I have plenty,
  But joy I have none,
All about is darkness,
  Though brightly shines the sun.

Here I wait the hour,
  To be called by Him above;
The cruel sea has robbed me
  Of the only one I loved.



WHEN I DREAM.

When footsteps they are silenced
And darkness steals my gleam,
The veil of sleep lays o'er me,
Then I begin to dream.

I dream of home and mother,
I dream of days gone by,
The old shop of my father
Where round the sparks did fly.

I dream of yonder river,
Of my old swimming plank,
The box my father made me
To catch frogs along the bank.

I dream of the old cow paths
That ran thru forests wild;
I see the very minnows
I caught when but a child.

I see the boat and bridges,
The trapper's hut beyond,
The homliest girls that ever,
And boys to correspond.

I see bare-footed urchins
  And I among the crowd
With pantaloons the highest,
  No voice quite so loud.

I hear my father's singing,
  His old beloved song,
And many times I've told him
  We miss you now you're gone.

I dream of distant countries,
  I dream of many spots;
One sleeps a black-eyed maiden
  'Neath sweet forget-me-nots.

There dwells on earth another
  Whom I did long forget,
Yet oft when all is darkness
  In dreams I see her yet.

I hear the blast of trumpets
  For the living and the dead;
I hear the drums proclaiming
  Rest, rest, the day is fled.

I can no longer rest me,
  So long the nights do seem;
Each moment brings new visions
  And folds them in my dream.

LOST CUR.

Have you seen a cur—ours ran away;
He left the town the other day.
The salt he used he did not earn;
There's nothing offered for his return.

He loved the Japs, he loved the Chinks;
He spent much time upon the links.
We never listened to his call;
This was a blessing to us all.

To the bid of bums he would abide,
But that of justice he'd turn aside.
He turned them all down in the end;
He now exists without a friend.

Our kindness to him we regret;
He could smoke with ease a cigarette.
He'd bark for cash for all his creed,
But in no case did he succeed.

He annoyed his neighbors and relation
By trying to bark a reputation.
He saw the Capitol house one day;
We could scarcely call that cur away.

Among the wise he caused contention,
He was ever seen at their convention,
His presence ever caused commotion.
He was always looking for promotion.

He imagined he was of renown,
At every place he was turned down.
This cur was black, had little sand
And answers to the name of Brand.

"Longing for civilization."

LONGING FOR CIVILIZATION.

I shall leave my fire and wigwam,
  My native home for years;
The voice of the tom-tom
  My heart no longer cheers.

The chanting of my kindred
  For those who take their flight
No longer bring my tears
  In the darkest hours of night.

The war paint of my brothers,
  Their whoop and revelry,
The peace pipe of my fathers
  Hath no more charms for me.

I'm tired of beads and feathers,
  The rippling of the oar,
The slaughter of the beavers
  Along the distant shore.

In my present humble dwelling
  I have not long to stay;
I'm longing for progression
  And green fields far away.

THIS CITY.

This city hath great lawyers
  And doctors by the score,
Sweet women by the hundreds
  That kings would long adore.
But the way the town is managed
  Would drive a man to grief;
We have one Mutt for our Mayor
  And another Mutt for Chief.

SPAIN'S DEFEAT.

'Twas the nearing of May, ninety eight was upon us,
Assembly was sounded from far north to Spain;
They for protection, we for our honor,
Loaded all guns in revenge for the Main.
The assurance for trouble brought tears unto mothers;
War horses were saddled and canteens were filled,
Old Glory was hoisted from log hut and mansion,
Our soldiers and sailors to the front were now billed
Then join in chorus, we'll sing of the heroes
Who sailed the broad seas where cannons did roar,
And swept fore and aft, in Spain's darkest waters;
Three cheers and a tiger from America shore.

The first shot was fired from the Nashville at morning,
Then one in return from the foe's fleet was heard:
And a constant exchange one from the other,
Till every proud heart for victory was stirred.
Step by step came soldiers advancing,
Upon Spain's ships our big guns did play,
Death and destruction were this day united
In claiming brave spirits, and soaring away.
Let us shout to the health of our fleet on the ocean,
Then again for the privates, the kings on the main,
Once more to the cannons which this day were roaring;
We'll down that proud banner which floats over Spain.

On May twenty-first in harbor Manila,
Was lying at anchor a great Spanish fleet,
Pending with treason her bright flags were flying,
Hoping each moment our soldiers to meet.
They met and they fought, their flag and ours,
Death in a flame swept by on the breeze;
Spain's whitened decks, now crimsoned and gory,
Were washed and swallowed by the blue Spanish seas,
Let us shout with the sea for quenching her hunger
And throw our hats high as she hurls her spray,
For Spain's greatest fleet is now sent asunder,
And over the billows most merrily play.

The white dove of peace was sent by Queen Regent
On August the twelfth this message to bring:
Recall from our waters your soldiers and sailors,
They'll destroy our lands and throne of my King;
Take home the troops that here you have landed
And o'er Santiago float Stripes and the Stars,
It will tell to the world that we have been conquered
By the greatest of emblems that floats over Mars.
Hurrah to our soldiers and sailors forever,
Crown them with laurels, who fought on the sea;
Hurrah to the eagle whose home is the ocean
Which flaps her broad wings o'er the land of the free.

ONLY A CUP.

Only a cup with contents red—
Only a boy lies pale and dead,
Only a mother sitteth there,
Only smoothing her hoary hair:
Only a father sheds a tear,
Only a sister standing near,
Only a draught with him was shared,
Only a soul gone unprepared;
Only a grave on yonder hill,
Only a drunkard will it fill;
Only a song for him was sung;
Only they say—he died so young;
Only a mound tells all today,
Only a boy was led astray,
Only heeded the final call,
Only lost, lost—that is all.

A RIDDLE.

What is it that moans round the tombs of the dead,
That leaps to and fro when mourners are fled,
That rises and falls in the dead of the night,
Fears not the death raven, be he sheeted in white?

What is it that kisses old maids by the score
And enters the bosoms of virgins of yore,
Views the true nature, by her held so rare?
No matter how modest, she welcomes him there.

What is it that whistles the live man a tune?
'Twill dance o'er his face when paleness is strewn.
It hovers more closely, in death now he lies,
And sings out in gladness when closed are his eyes.

What is it when man is at rest on the ground
That causes his hair and whiskers to bound,
Fills nostrils with sand, breeches with burrs,
Heaps thistles around that will sting when he stirs?

What is it runs high and in it birds play,
Falls, kisses the stream, then straightway away,
Swings the vile buzzard and eagle on high
And cheers many travelers who wearily pass by?

What is it when you, with line in the bay,
Takes hold your breeches and nibbles away?
You turn—you can't see him, you hear but his song,
He has stolen a patch and forever has gone.

What is it bears ships so stately away,
Causes forests to bow and sinners to pray,
Feels pretty maids, complies with no rule?
What is it? you ask. Why, it's wind—silly fool.

THEIR CHOICE.

In Canada I a-coasting go;
In joy I glide o'er the snow;
When rivers all in ice are bound,
I'm happy all the season round.

Sweet Coney Isle the home for me,
My baths are taken in the sea.
Oft to the bottom I have sank;
I'm home on wave or on the plank.

While others swim and coasting go,
I'm satisfied with Mexico.
When I am dead lay my remains
Where blooms the cactus on the plains.

FOOLS.

Fools work wonders in this age,
  All risks take from wise shoulders.
Fools tell others what to do,
  Some fools are office-holders.
Our fool once set three weeks,
  Stormed the house with curses,
Tore his hair, at length produced
  Two silly little verses.

"I was trying to paint a brown thrush, miss."

NOW BEAT IT, YOU LONG-LEGGED JAY.

You have hunted me long, you galoot, you,
Although my form it may suit you,
If you mark me down there, I will shoot you,
Now beat it, you long legged Jay.

Because my home is the plain, sir,
My friendship you never can gain, sir,
I admire a man with a brain, sir,
So with you I never can stay.

REPLY.

Why upbraid me so, will you hush, Miss?
I was trying to paint a brown thrush, Miss,
He was hiding alone in the brush, Miss,
I thought he was singing for me.

The thrush it has fled from my sight, Miss.
Being spurned, I will take a grand hike, Miss,
Don't shoot—I will bid you good night, Miss,
That thrush I will never more see.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

I wandered last night where bearers tread,
Where mourners weep for loved ones dead
Who yield their all, take earth instead
And are here content with an unmade bed.
'Tis here the lifeless enters slow
To join the dead—six feet below.

This city is darkness, it light defies;
Here all are bound by deathly ties;
The rich and poor are here one size,
Save granite tells where the rich man lies.
The proud, the humble, all must go
To join the dead—six feet below.

Thus ages roll and here they sleep,
While some rejoice and others weep;
Many try to climb fame's hill so steep
Ere the sickle comes to reap.
Oft heads not ripe are stricken low
To join the dead—six feet below.

O'er this city where the lifeless lie
Men build great domes that tower high,
Marked slabs are sought with a tear and sigh,
While those unmarked are oft passed by.
Death's chariot taketh sure but slow
Inmates to this city below.

WILL YOU, JENNY, SAY YES?

Tonight I am thinking of one I hold dear,
My sorrow is faded—I'm thrilled with new cheer.
How well I remember the morning we met!
The face of you, Jenny, I'll never forget.

Though sorrow may come, I'll cast it aside
If the one I love dearly will with me abide.
No sin I'd commit would my conscience annoy;
What sorrow did come I'd meet it with joy.

'Tis few years were given—but three score and ten;
This is the time that's allotted to men.
Your path through this life with roses I'd strew,
Could I journey till death with a darling like you.

Consider this, Jenny, and consider it well,
You'll some day be asked an answer to tell.
Then through this short life you alone I'll caress
If you say when I ask you that little word—Yes.

"List the curfew ring."

WHERE THE CURFEW STILL RINGS.

Conquey's Port, Sandwich Islands.

I've stood here on old Conquey's Port
For seven hundred years,
My dome each night has kissed the sun'
As it sank behind the piers.

Within my dome the curfew tolls
The knell of parting day,
And o'er the islands can be heard
At eve its mournful lay.

Dutch sextons here have rung and died,
Still there was always one
To cause my faithful bell to toll,
And cheer the setting sun.

Whene'er, where'er the echo sounds,
Means rest unto all men,
The sun's last rays, the bell's last chime,
They mingle on the glen.

Then silently all die away,
We disturb grim darkness never,
But let her reign, we faithful three
May come and go forever.

ODE TO DEATH.

Oh, cruel Death, deep is your sting
Which many men have borne.
They say that you were born in sin
Since you make millions mourn.

You speed on wings that never tire,
You enter every door;
You slay your victim with one blow,
Then to his neighbor soar.

You summon all to God's white throne,
The poor you will not shun.
Though men may weep, you care not aught
For you are friend to none.

But one word more, O, cruel Death,
Before I reach my goal;
When time shall strike my fatal hour
Have pity on my soul.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Who hath heard the sabres rattle
In the fiercest storm of battle?
Who hath heard the Hotchkiss roaring
While her grape-shot men were goring?
Who hath heard the Red Man chanting
O'er a brother who lays panting?
Who hath heard that volley firing
That sends men to trench retiring?
Assemble ye that's heard it
From the land that we fought for.
We'll take a little ginger in memory of the War.

Who hath seen the flashlight gleaming
O'er a field where gore is steaming?
Who hath seen the bayonet dripping,
And dying heroes water sipping?
Who hath seen a warrior praying,
And his blood the earth bespraying?
Who hath seen him halt and stagger,
From his own breast draw a dagger?
Assemble ye that's heard it
From the land that we've fought for.
We'll take a little lager in memory of the War.

Who hath heard the drummer drumming,
And the mighty batteries humming?
Who hath heard the cry "Assemble"
Around your officer all atremble?
Who hath heard the war horse neighing
For his rider in death now laying?
Who hath heard on the field all gory:
"Tell all at home I died for glory"?
Assemble ye that's heard it
From the land that we fought for.
We'll take a little Red-Eye and forget the pain of War.

"My babes are waiting for me."

MY BABES ARE WAITING FOR ME.

My nest is on high, my food in the stream;
I search for my prey by the first and last gleam.
My loved ones at home ne'er in vain for me seek,
For when I return I've a fish in my beak.

I bid them be patient whenever we part;
It's the cry of the hungry that breaketh my heart.
If men of great wisdom would pattern from me
How much more joy on earth there would be!

THE DEPARTMENTS OF HELL.

I always thought until last night
  When a man he did rebel
Against the law of God and died
  Would be welcomed into hell.
But such is not the case with all.
  I dreamed my race was run;
I opened the door, the keeper said:
  "Hello, from whence you come?"
"I served you faithful," I fain did say.
  "Received sometimes enjoyment,
And now that you have called me home
  I beseech thee for employment."
"Well, we have a job for you,
  You just arrived in time."
And bringing me a mammoth scroll
  Said: "Register on that line."
Here my name was plainly wrote,
  I've lived for twenty-four years
Near the town of Byron.
  "Hold on, you can't stop here.
But Hell has five departments;
  There are five degrees of sin.
Stop every place along the line,
  And perhaps they'll take you in."
I wandered on to another room
  And gently did I rap;
Someone muttered: "Who is there?"
  As though awakened from a nap.
"Sir, they call me Wiggings,
  I came from Byron town.
Can I stop here for a season?"
  "No, go a little farther down."
"Hey, can you use a man from Byron?"
  I asked with an air sedate.
"No, I took two on probation,
  And they tried to steal my gate."
At the fourth place I rapped gently,

For reply I got a sneer.
"'Tis best you shed your garment,
You'll need no clothing here."
He oped the way—my breath took fire;
Live coals lay on the floor.
"Say, Devil, I'm from Byron."
"Then begone, return no more."
I staggered on to the very last;
I found the door knob hot.
The truth is this, I did not care
If he took me in or not.
"Say, I'm from Byron, Devil.
Was good, but there I fell."
"Well, go ye back to Byron."
"No, I'd rather be in hell."

Byron, Michigan, is an inland town of about 200 inhabitants, near where the poet was born, and a place despised by him.

THE PARTING OF LARRY AND MANDY.

Well, Larry, I'm going to leave you,
My bark for Greenland I'll steer;
I lived with thee long on this hillside
In misery for many a year.
I've heard it related by father
That Greenland is barren and cold.
We have one son, he is foolish
And he looks a hundred years old.

Now, Larry, I know that you love me,
I trust 'twill not grieve your heart;
If that boy is the fruit of our labor
'Tis best we forever should part.
His head it is shaped like a hammer,
With beard like that of a goat;
His tongue utters nothing but nonsense;
My cuff would thrice gird his throat.

I'm sorely discouraged, dear Larry;
The truth you plainly can see.
Wait till my change of the evening
And then come sailing to me.
No doubt you will find me in Greenland—
Its barrenness me doth decoy.
As a token to ever remember
I leave you my claim on the boy.

I'll listen whate'er you may tell me,
But, Larry, I can't tarry long.
How you will mourn by the fireside
When you think of Mandy that's gone!
Well, hubby, the time is expiring;
The ship is already for sea;
I'll stay on the hillside a moment,
And list for a message from thee.

LARRY REPLIES.

When peach trees bear onions in winter
And cats refuse milk when it's warm,
When the dead come forth on election
And enter the grave on the morn,
When they move all the rocks out of Greenland
And heap them all up to your view,
And refill the holes with Limburger,
Then I'll come sailing to you.

When a girl has mumps and don't murmur
When fed upon pickles and crust,
When you boil a capsule an hour
And swallow before it will bust,
When you tell where Cain's wife existed,
Why England admitted a Jew,
Tell then where a mastodon's living,
And I will come sailing to you.

I've listened so long to your babblings
With patience like that of poor Job;
I've renewed your shoes and eye glasses,
And every full moon a new robe;
I've fed thee on cream and Ambrosia;
In return I got crackers and cheese.
You can go to Greenland or hell, ma'am,
And stay just as long as you please.

THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

Give ear, ye sons and daughters,
  Before you take your flight;
'Tis of the fire at Baltimore
  I'll tell to you tonight.
Chicago was devastated in 1871,
  But this fire has no equal
Since the days of Washington.
  'Twas the second month, date 7th,
This city by the tide
  Rang her fire bells madly
O'er a section long and wide.
  'Twas in the John Hursh building
The flames first swept alone,
  Were swollen by the breezes
To the greatest ever known.
  And flames are sweeping onward,
The crimson billows roar,
  Spreading devastation
To the City of Baltimore.

Midnight found them raging,
  The flaming tongues no end.
From one roof to another
  The mighty blaze extend.
The fire now lit the heavens
  And tottering walls they fell;
Many there imagined
  The earth had turned to hell.
Still onward like an army
  Of fifty thousand men,
Swept the breath of Satan,
  Bombarding now and then.
Fathers knelt in secret,
  Sons and mothers wept;
It seemed no prayers were answered
  For the Demon onward swept.
And flames are sweeping onward,
  The city to explore,
Commanded by a fearful gale;
  Doomed city of Baltimore.

Escape was not provided
From this dire field of flame.
Brave firemen fought like heroes,
Re-inforcement winds now came.
They swept the flaming billows
To every open cleft,
And now it seemed fair Baltimore
On earth would not be left.
Yet climbing higher, higher
The flames to wind seemed tied.
A mile and half in length they swept
And more than five blocks wide.
Last firemen are encouraged;
They're now holding their own;
They are blotting out the greatest fire
This land has ever known.
Peace at last holds quiet reign
Where blood and wealth before
Stormed the earth with shrieks and wails.
They'll rebuild Baltimore.

"Yes, they're office holders"

HER FIRST LESSON.

Your pictures I see them wherever I go,
Please teach me, kind artist, I would like to know.
I care not for landscapes on which people stare,
But teach me to draw two asses, one bear.

To make the first ass draw the form of a man
Propped upon spindles, in shoes that are tan;
Lay cigarettes near him, pin a rose on his breast.
Make franchise his target, and nonsense the rest.

Make his head narrow, yet say "rooms to spare";
His brains have been sapped but his luxurious hair,
Part this in the middle, on each eye put a glass.
When this is complete, you have the first ass.

For ass No. 2 you can draw a big tank,
Where brains ought to be, simply say "blank."
Put his feet in whole hides, mark one brain on his seat.
You now have two asses the world cannot beat.

Bruin hath brains and instinct galore.
Many wise heads doth his picture adore.
We'll separate him from our first mentioned pair.
So as not to disgrace ourselves or the bear.

"Our beauty shall fade"

OUR BEAUTY SHALL FADE.

Away to the woodlands, I wandered alone
Where beautiful roses in darkness had grown.
Though weighted with dew, they gave me a nod;
I am welcome, thought I, in this garden of God.

So sweet seemed their smile, so fragrant the air.
They were pinned on my breast, they were twined in my hair.
Our beauty shall fade, Oh, sad is my heart.
Why were we doomed, sweet roses, to part?

THE TWO JACKS.

This is my master, I am his friend;
On a set of sharp teeth he can ever depend.
A Copper once struck him and me did abuse,
All 'twas left of that Cop was club and his shoes.

I'm swift upon foot and when hungry I feel
The leg of a copper just makes me a meal.
He who bothers my master, his blood will atone;
It's Solomon's wisdom to leave him alone.

My master drinks whiskey till oft times he reels;
In daylight or darkness I'm close to his heels.
He once was molested by a sinner who dared;
A soul to its Maker soon went unprepared.

He once bought a drink—a tramp drained the cup;
I ate him alive, I was then but a pup.
Many intruders have since met his fate;
Since I've matured my appetite's great.

I love bread and milk, and scarcely can stop,
But one thing will tempt me, that's the breast of a Cop.
I fought for my master in sunshine and rain;
If snow was tail deep, I'd fight just the same.

A TRAMP'S WIT.

A Tramp struck Boston one sultry day,
Asked for bread and alms long the way,
Those who could give would bid him retreat,
His eyes spied a brick which lay on the street.
I'll grind it, thought he, conceal in a tin,
Cry death to bed bugs, fleas and their kin.
Some cry fish and others cry louder,
When I return I'll scream bed bug powder.
I was general in that army of Coxey's,
Yet don't know how to secure the boxes.
He finding a few, both white and brown,
Quickly made his departure out of the town.
Then to Boston for a season adjourned,
Ground his brick, and early returned.
Powder, powder, the wanderer cried,
I gave it to mine and every one died.
They love it, you see, and each grain devour,
And they die in fits in less than an hour.
It works like a charm, in silks or in dirt,
It kills everything that hides in a shirt.
Just buy one box, you need not buy more,
There'll be no more rubbing your back on the door.
'Twas a secret revealed by my dying mother.
Up one street he went then down another;
In reply to the Tramp's boisterous roar
A lady on Cork street stepped to the door.
What's that you are selling, kind sir, if you please?
A destroyer of bed bugs, lice, knits and fleas.
Lady take this and throw it around;
On the morn, a million bed bugs can be found.
She being overjoyed at this happy thought
Immediately a package of the powder bought.
The Tramp encouraged by selling this powder,
Cried death to bugs louder and louder.
Said he to himself, this lady I've beat,
And I'll never again be seen on this street.
He paid his night lodging, he ate from a tray;
It proved almost fatal, he losing his way.
Powder, powder, he loudly did roar;
Up the same street which he trod before.
Halt there, you dog, or I'll have you arrested,
Powder, powder, that lady invested,
That, you tramp, is nothing but clay,
She gave it to hers, now dead they all lay,
I wish you were dead and under the ground,

A million bed bugs this morning she found.
You're a robber, a thief, a peace annoyer.
Come this way, all, for bed bug destroyer.
You'll not dwell here in the land of the free;
She up with a blunderbuss, halt now, or I'll see.
He being unable to resist this molestion,
Stopped and proceeded to answer her question.
Then it was thundered, you're naught but a brute,
Give me that dollar, else I will shoot.
I took your powder, threw it around,
And not a dead bug this morning was found.
Now, said the Tramp, this powder is good.
Kind lady, I see you misunderstood.
I said throw the powder on beds and rugs;
On the morn you would find bed bugs, not dead bugs.
She cocked the gun, he made a great sally,
Away went the Tramp, disappeared in the alley.
The muzzle was low, the shot struck the dirt,
Fortunately, the Tramp escaped unhurt.
Even the "Newsies" cry out to this day,
Woe to the man who for brick dust asks pay.
Though ragged he comes, and faint with exhaustion,
Death is his fate in the city of Boston.

HOW I FOOLED FATHER.

One day when still a lad at home,
My father said to me:
Let us go forth and plow, my boy,
The breeze is cool and free.

Now who could ask for kinder words
Than father had just spoken,
And who could speak a nobler task?
Still my heart was broken.

To think of work in yonder field,
The gates that spanned the lane,
I trembled like an aspen leaf
And sickness thought to feign.

The team was hitched to yon old beam,
The whip swung to and fro.
I grew sick at thoughts of it,
But knew 'twas best to go.

The grass and flowers bid adieu
As they there one by one
Were buried all in depths alike,
No more to view the sun.

Once more the black earth kissed the breeze
And father he would say:
I love to till the fertile soil
And labor day by day.

Few weeks passed and father said:
I'll finish on the morrow;
I then will work in yonder field
And leave you here to harrow.

The morning came, I started forth,
My heart bore down like lead.
To think of working there all day—
I wished that I were dead.

Myself like many other boys
Had very little sense;
I drove the team once round the field,
Then hitched it to the fence.

Now in the shade my humble form
Lay prostrate on the ground
To watch the hills for father's head,
And dinner bells to sound.

I turned my pockets inside out
A cake of soap to find,
I needed it to make complete
The scheme I had in mind.

Ere long I crept beneath a tree,
I closed mine eyes of blue;
Will father raise another son,
Thought I, so good and true.

I never knew that sleep was near;
It was to my surprise
To see the sun far in the west
When I at last did rise.

Once more I viewed the hills with care
And there beheld my father;
I dipped the soap into the ditch;
Besmeared the team with lather.

Get out of this, was my loud cry;
I used the whip quite free;
The steeds were lame, they scarce could walk,
And jointless seemed poor me.

Ere long I heard my father yell:
My boy, 'tis after noon.
Yes, and I have done my task;
I'll be there very soon.

He's a worker, I heard him say,
Quite sure that reached my ear;
My heart was beating in my throat
For fear he'd come too near.

Now with the team I started home;
Met father on the way.
Don't work the team tomorrow, boy;
They're overworked today.

I know they are, but thought like this,
That we had just begun,
Whene'er I mark a task though large,
Dear father, it shall be done.

Well done, aspiring, noble boy,
To wealth you'll take your flight;
For health, you'd better feed the team
And sleep from now till night.

How quick I moved at that command!
I slept till day had fled.
At early dawn I ran away
And know not what he said.

AN OLD FIDDLE'S LAMENT.

Dell Hair at one time purchased a rare violin of a Russian Jew, giving his note in exchange for the same. The note came due, and he was obliged to sell the violin to meet the promised obligation. In one of the principal music stores in the city of Toledo, was hung this violin for sale. On the same was attached the following verses. This rare old specimen was soon sold, the purchaser remarking he did not care so much for the violin as for the verses.

One hundred and fifty years ago,
When Russian plains were clad in snow,
Wolves were howling all the way,
My master and I went forth to play;
They chose me for my voice was loud
To give sweet strains to the merry crowd.

Ere long my master grew lame and old;
I was laid in my case to mold;
At length grave want on him befell,
For lack of bread, he me did sell;
From his I went to different hands,
Who at once set sail for foreign lands.

To give sweet strains is all I know,
If you will just take up the bow
And draw it gently across my strings,
Like a thousand bells my echo rings.
If your sister's ill or brother dies,
I'll send your sorrow to the skies.

If debts should number by the score
And creditors stand outside the door,
From the interior turn the keys,
I'll send your woes across the seas.
My Master's hand was oft installed
In trouble, he ever on me called.

Bring forth your Villaum's and your Strad's,
Your German prides with all their fads,
Bring all to me, wherever made;
I'll drown and lay them in the shade;
A sea of tone I have in store,
I can please your listeners by the score.

I survived it all and all seemed well
Till I in the hands of a poet fell;
His note came due, he would only sing,
He even owes for my every string;
He's in debt to all, moves like a snail,
And that is why I'm here for sale.

OH, WHY SHOULD MAN BE PROUD?

The moon has just relieved the sun
  And left the gates ajar,
'Tis walled in by the halo
  And guarded by a star.
Here he heliographs the hour
  To his comrade in the cloud,
While we mortals dwell down here;
  Oh, why should man be proud?

The robin in the forest old,
  The blue bird on the rod
Are perched and here they sweetly sing
  Their praises to the God.
Among his people here below,
  Few earnestly are bowed,
More than He is lust in wealth;
  Oh, why should man be proud?

The happy cows that roam the field
  All join in one accord,
And everything but mortals here
  Give praises to the Lord.
It won't be long when you and I
  Will don that raven shroud,
Then when alone I ask of me,
  Oh, why should man be proud?

God's finest art is in the sea,
  When brought in by the tide
We plainly see his love for all,
  His goodness and His pride.
So many thoughts came o'er me
  I wrote them while I plowed,
I heard a voice sweetly ask,
  Oh, why should man be proud?

A SABBATH EVE IN PRISON.

(Written in Ft. Sill guardhouse.)

I hear the waters gurgle in a rill that's running nigh,
I hear the happy blackbird chirp as he flies by,
I hear a young squaw singing just outside my cell,
I hear the distant sentries echo "All is well."

I hear tom-toms sounding near the Kiowa camp,
I hear a mounted trooper steer right beneath the lamp,
I hear the Curfew ringing within a castle fair,
I hear some trembling voice offer God a prayer.

I see my comrades sleeping upon the bed of straw,
I see some other mourning for the breaking of the law.
I see an old rock fireplace whose last faint spark is fled,
I see a prisoner walking, I count his steady tread.

I see men's garments hanging upon an old stone wall,
I see at dawn the sunshine, the dearest sight of all,
I see the roof divided through which would shine the stars,
I see at every opening each crevice spanned with bars.

I hear a brook's loud roaring, of thunder as it were,
I hear a merry urchin whistling for his cur,
I hear the sergeant's footsteps fast approaching me,
I hear him give the signal and turn the giant key.

I see the walls are broken by hands we can't ignore,
I see the names of outlaws carved deep upon the door,
I see before mine visions, dark chasms, front and rear,
I see but gloom and darkness; I'll tell you what I hear.

I hear a bugle calling, come now, 'tis time to rest,
I hear a faint heart beating within a giant's breast,
I hear within this dungeon, as though 'twere in a dream,
Cheer up, my sturdy fellow, thy stars shall once more gleam.

LOVE'S VALENTINE.

Have you gazed on the cot where your lover dwells
And felt a tingling like little bells,
Or a shower of blessings from heaven above?
These are symptoms of pure love.

Have you seen that face in your many dreams,
Have you seen the name in the sun's bright beams,
Have you seen the eyes of your lover true
Sparkle with truth like the morning dew?

Have you seen the grave, if they be dead,
Have you seen them walk from their lowly bed?
If you know not this and can give no sign,
How can you write love's valentine?

WHY FARMING WAS A FAILURE.

Well, talk about your farming,
In the good old summer time,
I tried my hand at farming,
It was in Shiawasse's clime.

My farm contained no fences;
One could in the center stand,
Look north, east, south or west
And I owned all that land.

Sand spouts here were not unknown,
My neighbor across the way
Owned my farm part of the time,
Still I had the tax to pay.

It depended all upon the wind,
This farm midst mighty rain
Would lay down for a day or two,
And then dig out again.

I remember once a rabbit wild
Did on his hind legs stand;
Said to himself, can I ever cross
That mighty sea of sand?

My limbs are good, my pace is fast,
I've oft on this relied;
So here I go, God help me on.
He in the center died.

You'd think that crops would grow most grand,
You could not find a weed,
But every time I plowed the soil
Was compelled to borrow seed.

I planted corn, sowed oats and wheat,
They never did grow tall.
The truth is this, I never threshed
Ten bushel in the fall.

'Twas then I sowed the farm to rye;
It tried to do its best.
For reasons I will here explain
Was a failure like the rest.

You see churl seedy came along,
With blue clay in his hair;
Rye thought it was the devil
And stopped growing then and there.

Now for a pumpkin crop, thought I;
Where'er his feet touched ground,
'Twill be so rich I'll surely find
A pumpkin large and round.

They grew and grew in such a shape
They resembled well his face,
The truth is this, I could not keep
But hogs upon the place.

Since for all time I've left the farm
No more will I sow rye,
The devil's hottest place is filled,
He to earth has bid good-bye.

I'll strive to walk the streets of gold
In that city bright and fair;
Oh, God forbid, I go to hell
For I'd surely find him there.

"Wife, I've got a cramp."

THE OTHER FELLOW'S GIRLIE ALWAYS LOOKS THE BEST TO ME.

It is many I have courted,
Some short and others tall;
But at length I did get married
To my choice of them all.
I just asked to be her hubby,
To keep sober did agree;
Now the other fellow's girlie
Always looks the best to me.
We once started for an outing,
There was war on railroad rates,
So we took a little journey
Through all the western states.
We went through Indiana,
Kentuck' and Tennessee—
Still the other fellow's girlie
Always looked the best to me.

Chorus:

No matter where I wander,
No matter on what sphere,
Be it summer, be it winter,
Or the springtime of the year;
Be I wide awake or dreaming,
But one thing I can see:
That's the other fellow's girlie
Always looks the best to me.

After traveling through this country,
For Europe we did sail;
I had long letters written,
All ready for the mail.
Of course 'twas an the quiet—
They were written on the sea—
For the other fellow's girlie
Always looked the best to me.
We sailed to bonnie Scotland,
Where bagpipes thrilled the air;
There were women who wore whiskers,
There were others with false hair;
Some had leaded ankles,
Some limbs made from a tree,
Still the other fellow's girlie
Always looked the best to me.

Chorus:

We started next for China;
There were storms upon the deep.
Some fell on their bended knees,
While others they did weep.
My wife this prayer was saying,
She'd drown, but I go free;
Still the other fellow's girlie
Always looked the best to me.
We went among the Hottentots;
On many I did smile.
One day when wife was sleeping,
I chased one half a mile.
Wife thought this land a heaven,
For true she said I'd be;
Still the other fellow's girlie
Always looked the best to be.

Chorus:

From virtue's path I seldom strayed—
I imagined she was near;
As the people dreaded Samson,
So I my wife did fear.
I reminded her of prayer-time;
When she first bent her knee,
I was seeking out another,
For she looked the best to me.

Aside from your mother,
Who is true to the end,
The bigger your roll,
The bigger your friend.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Have you seen that cock-eyed mayor,
And his cigarette display?
The busy wheels of college
Turn a fool out every day.

"Our Playground"

OUR HOME IS THE OCEAN.

Our home is the heavens,
  Our playground the sea;
Midst earthquakes and tempests,
  We ever are free.

Our cousin, the Alby,
  The land doth ignore,
And scarce are we seen
  On rock or on shore.

Be the billows at highest,
  Or be they at lull,
The sea is a playground
  For the Alby and gull.

THE GALVESTON FLOOD.

Behold the city in its glory,
  Proud as e're a city stood;
Men whose prayers ascended heaven
  Were not warned of winds or flood.

Morning breeze to the billows whispered,
  I'll return at five to thee;
Peace shall cease, and now I'll leave you,
  Signing death warrants in the sea.

You cannot lie within thy dwelling,
  Where for years you've slept before,
But march with me upon the city,
  Accompanied by all heaven's roar.

Now I'll away for re-enforcements;
  Bid adieu your long-washed shore.
While I am gone, sign warrants that number
  Seven thousand—yea, and more.

We'll see our way by chains in heaven,
  That winds damnation in their folds;
With Satan's wrath and devastation
  We'll march upon poor sleeping souls.

Behold the towers glistening yonder—
  They fear not me, they fear no death;
Matrons sing, and sires are happy,
  Yet all shall wilt before my breath.

'Tis five—the winds from many quarters
  Awaken now the peaceful sea;
They're in council till darkness hovers
  Over wealth and misery.

'Tis nine—they start in all their fury;
  Carnage marcheth to and fro;
Breakers leap upon the city,
  Which falls as once did Jericho.

"Wife," said one, "there's some one rapping;
  Methinks I've heard the same before.
'Tis some stranger seeking refuge;
  Arise, and open wide the door."

The visitor came; 'twas maddened waters,
In search of woman, man and child;
It smote the lives within this dwelling,
Then to another, fierce and wild.

Now the mighty billows, frothing,
Find for thousands watery graves,
When life's extinct; and many living
Are borne away by merciless waves.

All desolate lies now the city,
Her domes, her docks, her people rare;
No more will tourists view her beauty—
It seemed the wrath of God was there.

Farewell, farewell, to old Galveston;
Farewell, the dead upon the plain.
The day shall come, and not far distant,
When all who sleep shall rise again.

THE HUNTER AND ROSE.

THE HUNTER.

Ah, lovely flower, why stand you alone,
In this desolate field, whence all light has flown
  Where the shadows of woodland creep o'er thee at day,
  At night the vile buzzards around thee doth play?
Scarcely a cry of a human is heard,
Only the bleat of a lamb in some herd;
  Then sounds the echo of a cow's distant low,
  Then the tread or the cry of the wild kangaroo.
No lovely maiden has bowed on her knees
And parted thy folds to partake of thy breeze;
  No strain of music to thee has been hurled;
  Oh, where is thy comfort in this lonely world?

THE ROSE.

God planted me here, and I'm satisfied;
Others were plucked, withered and died;
  Though oftimes I'm lonely, His work is well done.
  I drink from the rains, I feed on the sun,
I enjoy the moon, when curtains are drawn,
And the honey-bee visits me every dawn;
  Stars look down from the heavens in love;
  I shine below, and they shine above.
Oft when you ramble through yon woodland fair,
Do you not notice how fragrant the air?
  I help scent each breeze, as they pass slowly by.
  Remember me ever, jolly hunter; good-bye.

THE MICHIGAN FORESTS.

My own native forests I love more than life,
Though through them, the winds cut keen as a knife.
Their lofty pines bow, in their armor of snow,
And lonely the song that to each other go.

Beneath the great boughs, the doe and buck run.
I've cheated their plans, with hound and my gun;
I've chased the wild hare, the pheasant I've shot,
While the partridge would drum, in some lonely spot.

I've fed the tame quail, when it came where I sat;
I've followed on ice, the beaver and rat.
I've oft heard the cry of lynx far away,
And the wildcat growl, while tearing his prey.

The porcupine hides in treetops obscure;
Here great fishes thrive, in water so pure;
The American eagle here often soars high—
The Michigan forests I'll love till I die.

DELL HAIR'S AUCTION SALE.

When Dell Hair decided to sell his desert, and move to Toledo, Ohio, he posted the following on all the dead walls and fences in the neighborhood of Shaftsburg, Mich. It is needless here to state that the poster attracted wide attention, and was the means whereby he quickly disposed of his holdings.—The Publisher.

Having rented my farm, I will not fail
To close out stock at public sale.
The Dell Hair farm, no doubt you've heard,
Lies one-half mile east of Shaftsburg.
The date of sale, now don't forget,
And the following property, to wit:
Two fine geldings, each nine years old,
One good old mare may be with foal;
There's one fine cow, six in the fall;
Some time in March, her calf will bawl.
Two yearlings next, two calves (both male),
One brooding sow; new platform scale.
One binder new, of Champion make;
One mower same, and one hay rake;
American harrow, bean puller, too;
One floating harrow, one roller new;
Another harrow, a pulverizer,
One bran new drill, a fertilizer;
Wagons good, both wide and light,
Buggies whose tops have taken flight.
Fifty birds—some crow, some lay;
Harness too good to throw away;
Ajax and plows, of every kind;
Stoves still new, asbestos lined;
Bean pods, stalks, and hay I'll sell;
Corn and oats, one dinner-bell;
Grind-stone, cider, and my hoe;
My hut in Shaftsburg, too, must go;
My fiddle, gun, my dog, my spear,
And many things not mentioned here.
Unto the public I will say,
Sums of five are due this day;
Over five one year'll be lent,
At a charge of no per cent.
When year is up, if you are late,
Eight per cent is charged from date.
These terms, good people, are not rash,
Discount of five per cent for cash.
Those giving notes must furnish backers.
Free lunch at noon, of cheese and crackers.

Dell Hair, Boss.

C. Y. Peek will cry.

MY LAMENT.

Winged seed the breeze was sowing,
The mourning dove was cooing,
And cows were gently lowing,
On that morn.

I wandered with my Jennie,
Where roses bloomed so many;
Here Gola died for Dennie,
When he was born.

The 'possum mute was lying,
Our judgment there defying;
Her young were loudly crying,
In the glen.

We spoke of our first meeting,
So happy was that greeting,
In love two hearts were beating,
There and then.

For years no woe had seen us,
Ere long it stepped between us;
I wish she was in Venus—
She or I.

Most tenderly she bore it,
And oft she did deplore it;
My joy, who can restore it?
Soon I die.

Nor had they gone a minute,
I saw death's poison in it;
To recall I did begin it,
It had gone.

It found a heart most tender,
Within a form so slender;
Her tears I could not hinder
With my song.

None could recall the message
That stung within the nonage;
Yea, imprinted like a vessage,
In the heart.

Her bitterness was booming,
Her independence blooming;
Though tender was the wooing,
We did part.

Soon the blue coat I was wearing,
She in darkness was retiring,
In sunlight she was bearing
On my brain.

I received a message saying,
Jennie she is laying;
Where oft she was seen praying,
You're to blame.

I would that all take warning,
Express no idle scorning
On one just in her morning—
Yea, or old.

Words gore the heart the deepest;
Of all they are the cheapest;
Jennie was not the weakest,
Yet is cold.

TO FATHER TIME.

Time is advancing, life fleeth away,
And could it be granted, I never would say,
Return, O Time, with pleasure and pain;
I long to live thee over again.
What, I suffer the loss of loved ones once more?
And bear the burdens I carried before?
Then follow my parents, whom to me life gave,
From earth to bier, then depths of the grave?

Clouds that have passed, with sorrow and dread,
I ask thee no more to shadow my head;
How oft thou didst toss me, as waves on the main,
Filling my soul with sorrow and pain,
Hours of misery, and those I adore,
I ask thee never to enter my door.
If among human vultures I must ever remain,
Not one day that's passed would I live again.

We were created and formed in Christ's mold,
The greatest and grandest of all, we are told;
We should live as one family, no brother deceive,
Our words should be such that all could believe;
Instead, it is treachery; one prays for one's fall,
And jealousy, too, is the cause for it all;
On many a soul it has left a black stain,
Then why should I long to live thee again?

Man, O Man, why treat the world thus,
When joy, instead, could be meted to us?
The world from creation, thy sting has received,
And only by death this thou hast retrieved.
Return not, Time, to me, then I say;
'Tis true, like the winds thou speedest away,
And when with thee, Time, I arrive at that shore,
I shall bid thee farewell with return nevermore.

"In hell and glad of it."

THE SPIRIT'S REPLY.

"I am happy, Oh, how happy,"
  Said a spirit to his wife.
"Could I here but spend the years
  I lived with you in life."

"Then, Will, your home is heaven,
  Of its joy will you tell."
"Wife, I am not in heaven,
  But the hottest place in hell."

"Forgive me, Mr. Muley,"

THE POET AND THE MULE.

Now, Mister Poet, I've got you near a tree;
You've been mighty ugly, let me hear your plea.
You've licked me, you've kicked me, you struck me with a rail,
You hitched me in the barn yard, where calves chewed off my tail.
I've worked till nearly famished, for night how I did wish.
Once you gave my supper to a Mule that peddled fish;
One time you told a doctor I could not raise my head;
If he once stepped behind me, he'd be numbered with the dead.

You told your neighbors many, I could kick Gibraltar through;
I won't make you out a liar, I'll prove your statement true.
For corn you gave me dynamite, when you were full of beer.
I've decided now to send you to a change of atmosphere.
Can you give good reasons why now we should not part?
It depends on how your pleadings touch the mainspring of my heart.

REPLY:

Mister Muley, I'm your servant; Oh, won't you please forgive ?
We were both created, and both put here to live;
'Tis true we both have tempers that we should learn to share;
We're almost alike, sir; you're a mule and I'm a hare.
My ears resemble yours, I have your winning eye;
Just now, dear Mister Muley, I could bray, were I to try.
I've your sweet disposition, it sticks to me like glue;
Oh, let me die a natural death, when all work here is through!
I now ask thee forgiveness, of your kind heart and brain.
You'll ever in the hereafter get a double feed of grain.

MULE:

Yes, you have touched my heartstrings, they sound a different tune,
Their melody is as soft as a nightingale's in June.
I was just a-wondering how far 'twas to the stars;
I decided once to send you, by that route, into Mars.
I will rise upon the morrow, and start at early morn;
You can hold the harrow, I will drag it through the corn;
But if again you pound me, for you there'll be no hope.
I'll send you to that land they can't find with telescope.

My curse on you, O, demon, red!
With thistles you have strewn my bed,
Benumbed my heart with aches and pain,
You've all but driven me insane;
You gave me that accursed thirst,
It seems just now my head will burst;
You've watched me like a thief for years,
You've filled my mother's eyes with tears.
Many a path where roses bloom
You've hid, and only showed its gloom—
I stand now on destruction's brink,
And still you tempt me with more drink—

But no!—Be gone!

My curse on you, O, beaded bowl!
You bring damnation to the soul,
You deal out misery far and wide,
Bring woe and death to many a bride.
You scoff at every drunkard's fall,
You give him naught though you take all;
You send him barefoot in the snow
And tell him not which way to go.
You rob men of their babes and wife,
You take from them the joys of life;
You are the devil's centre link,
And still you tempt me with more drink—

But no!—Be gone!

Temptation:

What! You speak thus, and me you shun?
I'll tell the good work I have done:
'Tis true, I'm one that oft beguiles,
But I've turned your angered face to smiles;
I've driven care from out your breast,
And lulled your troubled heart to rest;
I made you friends you ne'er have seen,
Sang songs, told stories in between.
'Tis true, I often caused your fall,
Yet painted grandeur on the wall;
I've shown you visions 'cross the sea—
Now, will you not partake of me?

"No, never!"

I scattered gloom, I killed your pain;
No germs survive where I remain;
I helped you on through journeys drear,
Though others fell you knew no fear;
I fought your troubles in dismay
Until I drove them all away.
Wouldst thou have chosen without me
Thy loving wife, so dear to thee?
With voice so sweet, face like a queen?
Was it not I that stepped between?
I thought this woman best for thee.
Now, will you not partake of me?

"No, never!"

Go search the world from zone to zone;
You'll find none better than your own;
And that sweet babe with golden hair
I know but few that can compare;
Her hands like lilies in repose,
Her cheeks like blushes of the rose;
Her voice so sweet, so soft, so mild,
There's no such other darling child.
And now you say you'll cast me out
When I did bring all this about?
Now, after all I did for thee,
Won't you once more partake of me?

"I will!"

"Thanks to the son who lowered the rod"

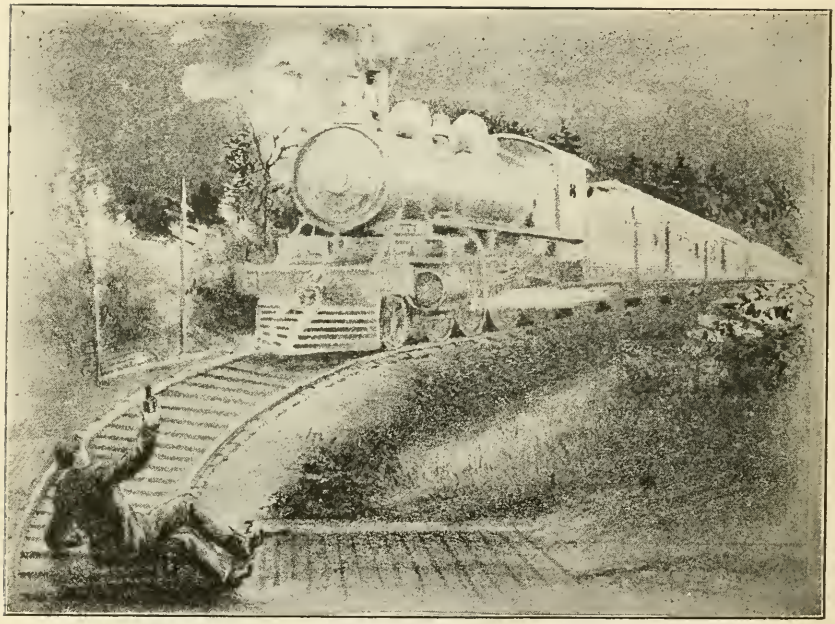
ODE TO THE SPIELBUSCH FOUNTAIN.

O, beautiful fountain! so holy and good,
Adorning the place where the old market stood;
Where mammoth iron bars were bolted in rows,
Where horses fought flies, now a green carpet grows.

Thy dome is not lofty, thy cups are not gold,
The people here flock like sheep to the fold;
Mothers, to children, for pitchers will call;
There is plenty to spare, and enough for us all.

On every morn, between three and four,
I quench my thirst from thy bountiful store;
As in the tin cup I thy purity view,
A short little verse is whispered for you.

O, beautiful fountain! this is my song:
To the memory erected of one that is gone,
All thanks to the son who lowered the rod
That brought to the people one blessing of God!



"There comes my mother-in-law"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM, THEN?

What's the matter with a feller
When he can stand no more,
And asks a big policeman
To show him to the door?
His wife wakes from her slumber:
"What kept you out so late?
I have a mind to leave you,
And seek another mate!"

What's the matter with a feller
When he tries to get in bed
With shoes and hat still on him,
And a buzzing in his head?
His wife takes up the poker
To show the latest feats:—
"Tonight will be your last, sir,
If you soil my new sheets."

What's the matter with a feller
When his hat cannot be found;
When he rises from his slumber
And his head goes round and round?
His wife has had her breakfast,
The children are in school;
She gives him one side look, with:—
"You ought to die, you fool!"

What's the matter with a feller
When he peers between the bars,
With sentry's eyes upon him,
He thinks that they are stars?
He cries out: "Twinkle, twinkle,
I'm in a land that's free;
Quite sure that it's heaven;
There's angels' eyes on me."

What's the matter with a feller
When he lies upon the track,
Sees the locomotive coming,
Thinks his mother-in-law is back?
Says he to it: "Dear Mother,
I've been out, I must confess;
Don't cast those eyes upon me."
Well—he's pretty drunk, I guess.

"As dust I am, unto dust I'll return"

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

I'm seated this day on a lonely shore,
  Green sprigs around me are growing;
The squirrel sports as he did of yore
  And the beech its seed is sowing;
Pale the leaves that kiss father sun,
  The frost their stems will soon sever;
On to the sea a river doth run,
  Merrily, yet silly as ever.

The once handsome vine has applied for its rest,
  It fears the wild, stormy weather;
The squirrel is taking its sails for his nest,
  Its fruits November will gather;
Here wheels of time for centuries have turned,
  With God alone at the lever,
All nature waits patiently, unconcerned,
  Listening the winds, blowing ever.

It's not so with mortals who dwell here below;
  There is one I have fondly embraced,
To the domain of death was called long ago,
  Her smile has ne'er been effaced;
I wonder some day will she beckon to me,
  To cross that wide, stormy river?
Will she stand on the shore, and list to my oar,
  Laughing merrily as ever?

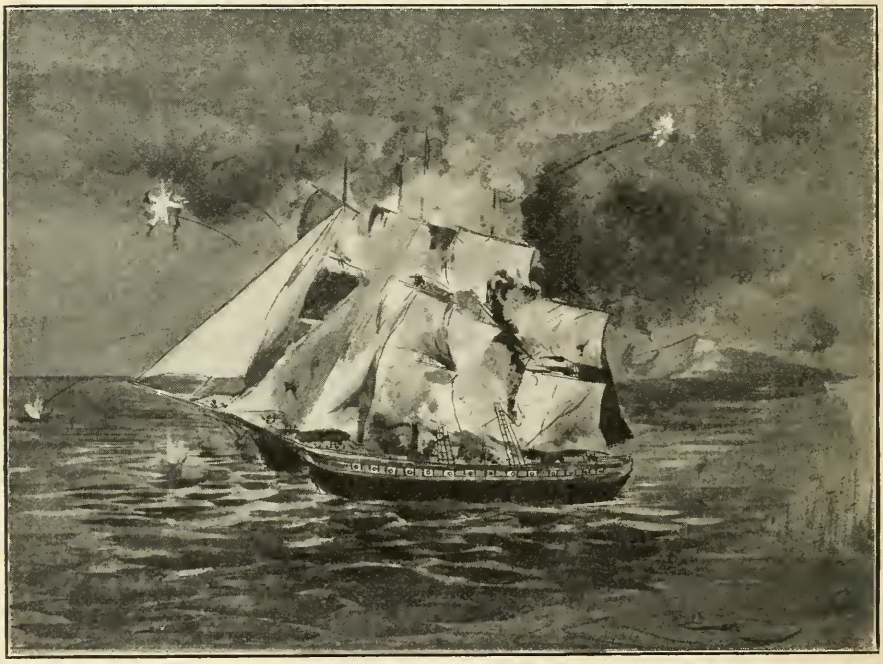
It seems so strange that I should fear death,
  Yet I care not to tarry here ever;
Some day when I'm old I'll welcome the fold
  Of the shrould that will wind me forever.
As dust I am, unto dust I'll return,
  I'll dream of no pain, neither joy;
In a twinkling I'm changed, but back I return
  To her whom I loved when a boy.

"Pants I've but this pair"

A TRAMP'S PLIGHT.

"I am poor, lady, yet abide with the law.
I come from the south—from old Arkansaw;
I've met with misfortune, on land and on sea;
I pray thee, kind lady, take pity on me.
My wants are not many, to please is no task.
Therefore, sweet lady, grant all that I ask.
I'd like some hot coffee, and doughnuts besides,
A chunk of fat pork, with lean on all sides.
A pie cut in halves, some bread if you please.

The leg of a cock, and limburger cheese;
I'd like a few eggs, if you've plenty to spare;
I could also relish an apple and pear.
I could drink hard cider if brought on a tray,
If bottled up neatly I'll take it away;
Please grant this request and then I will pass.
Will call here next winter and mow off your grass.
I appreciate kindness when minus the price.
Will return every August to pack away ice.
My wife she is ill in a far distant land,
I've a son in Chicago who plays in the band;
My daughter bakes pies in the Astor Hotel.
My business on earth is to represent Hell."
"Well, I have a dog representing that place,
He wears a bob tail and a smile on his face;
He's a tender old fellow, he sheds many tears,
But can't hear a sound—we sheared off his ears;
No sign of mercy ever on him was put;
I'll show you, vile knave, he is quick upon foot."
"Call off your dog, Madam, pants I've but one pair,
I've worn them some time, and they're easy to tear;
Well, why don't you call him? Why are you so slow?
I feel something rip, the seat soon will go."
"There's no use in calling, he can't hear a word;
'Pon my soul, it's a wonder to me that he stirred;
He slept 'neath the stove all summer, I vow,
But seems to be doing his duty just now."
"Call louder, Madam, I've no clothes to spare!
There's either a dog or a hurricane there;
The fangs of the Devil himself I'd prefer
To those in my pants, and the growl of your cur!"
"Climb a tree," was the cry from the lady behind.
"Surely I'll climb the first thing I find."
He climbed a tree like a sailor the mast,
And the dog held fast to his prey to the last.
Again she replied to the tramp's frightful sound,
And persuaded the dog to remain on the ground.
"These pants," said the tramp, "no longer will fit."
"Turn round," said the lady, "till I see where you're bit."
"I don't think I will," said he with a frown,
"I'll remain as I am till the sun shall go down;
When darkness shall banish all traces of day,
Then, perchance, lady, I'll wander away."
The lady and dog at this took their flight,
And the tramp disappeared in the darkness of night.



"Their jaws were locked in deadly embrace."

PAUL JONES ON THE SEA.

Ye have heard of Paul Jones, America's hero,
  Who commanded the "Richard," a dog of the sea;
Also the "Serapis," commanded by Piersons—
  One for the King, one the Land of the Free.

The flight of the Richard with peace long had tarried,
  Till a bold British Lion, in breezes away,
Swung from a mast of the great gunner Serapis,
  Defying the stars in a bloody affray.

Paul Jones soon sighted the Lion in frenzy,
  And changing the course of his dog of the tide;
"Who's there?" signaled Piersons with emphatic demeanor,
  "Who's there?" in reply Jones gave a broadside.

The moon in its beauty shone peacefully o'er them,
  The soft breezes bore their emblems as one;
The sea was quietly taking her slumber,
  As three hours of the world's greatest fighting begun.

The response was prompt—the enemy cursing—
  Each in their maddening attempt to aspire;
Nearer and nearer drifted the fighters,
  Deciding their fate with a terrific fire.

One fathom of brine lies only between them,
  Lamentable shrieks are heard now and then;
The eighteen-pounders still dealing out carnage,
  And pouring their hell on the bodies of men.

The dogs of war are brushing each other,
  Each one determined the other erase;
Jones with chains now binds them together,
  Their jaws are locked in a deadly embrace.

The English, below, swept all from the Richard,
  All but the mainmast were now shot away,
Yet high on deck stood America's heroes,
Their six and nine-pounders still firing at bay.

The Richard is rent, and filling with water,
  Prisoners unbound, they pump, every one;
One gunner dumbfounded, cries "Quarters! Oh, Quarters!"
  Jones here laid him out with the butt of a gun.

"Quarters demand you?" cried out the bold Piersons,
"Have you concluded that we're in the right?"
"Quarters be damned," cries Jones, unrelenting,
"We've not yet begun, ye cowards, to fight!"

Now a mighty cheer went up for their leader,
With muskets and cannons their decks they did sweep;
Their mainmast is falling, their ship is fast sinking.
Sure, no braver heroes e'er fought on the deep.

Men board their ship, Jones loudly is calling,
Already thrice wounded, his saber he drew;
Was followed by men who never knew falter,
They tapped the blood veins of the Lion's brave crew.

"Quarters! Give quarters!" in frenzy cried Piersons.
"We're licked!" The bold Lion no longer can roar;
Both vessels on fire, and slowly were sinking,
Jones in life boats bore the living to shore.

The two shattered vessels went down with the lifeless,
Gallant and brave were the ill-fated tars;
Their white bones, now amber, are floating together,
And none can now tell the Lions from Stars.

WHEN I WAS WEATHER PROPHET.

When I was weather prophet
I turned my 'scope on Mars,
And then I fixed the focus
To view the moon and stars;
I next gazed on the galaxy
And the halo which it forms,
And told the world in general
That it would soon see storms.

I told men that a whirl-wind
Had started way out west,
And all our pleasant weather
Would shortly be suppressed;
I told them that to kettles
Cold icicles would cling,
And winds that are now quiet
Through forests soon would sing.

I told them that a blizzard
Came at a fearful rate;
It started out from Texas
Or some such western state;
"'Twill sweep the tops of mountains,
So fierce will be its blast;
'Twill shatter every rain-cloud,
And sink both tug and mast."

My bulletin next morning
Read: "Rouse ye, every one,
And smoke your glasses over,
There's an eclipse on the sun.
The world will be in darkness
And lovers now may stroll."
The next day I feared a flinthead
Might penetrate my soul.

I told them how for miles away
A great storm I could see;
'Twould knock down old Mount Everett,
Drive waters from the sea.
I then bade all sea captains
Seek shelter without fail,
And for a month to furl up
The rigging and the sail.

I sent good news to Arabs
Who ride their camels tall,
To start with empty canteens,
For heavy rains would fall;
The oases will be teeming
With many a cooling mere;
The albatross will be there—
The first time in the year.

I sent good news to farmers,
Through the farmer's Magazine,
That ere long all the meadows
Would be bedecked with green;
For the weather will be lovely
Since crickets chirp their song;
But that day came a blizzard
And I again was wrong.

I told men 'bout the North Pole,
Its degree and latitude,
And whosoe'er would reach it
Should have my gratitude;
I told them when the weather
Would be mild or cold;
I told them all in Greenland
Methought the ice would hold.

I told them that a simoon
Would strike a far-off land,
Which riders of the camels
Would bury up in sand;
I suppose that there are people
Who then on me relied,
Who still in sand lie buried
As underneath a tide.

I spoke of the four seasons,
And changes of the moon,
I said there'll be a comet
In the sky now pretty soon;
I told men when to visit
Their native land abroad,
Till some one finally published
That I was a vile fraud.

This kind o' hurt my business
In an underhanded way.
The second printer published
What the first one had to say;
I thought I'd quit that business
While as yet I held together.
Still, I did as well as Foster
As a prophet of the weather.

THE FARMER'S LOT.

Say, I don't like this farming—
  The profit comes in dribs,
Besides you get a thumping
  Quite often in the ribs.

The frost killed all my pumpkins,
  The sun melted my ice,
A hail-storm killed my goslings,
  And lightning struck me twice.

My wheat is slowly dying,
  My oats refuse to grow,
My squash-seeds all have rotted,
  And there's no grass to mow.

Potatoes never sprouted,
  The beans all failed to swell.
A hawk stole all my chickens
  And frogs filled up my well.

A neighbor stole my turkey,
  An engine killed my cow;
A boy destroyed my roller,
  Another broke my plow.

These mules are slowly starving,
  They go by jerks and reels;
All that of life was left them
  Has gone into their heels.

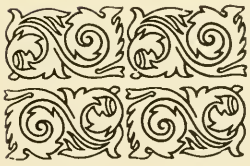
My sheep are fast decreasing—
  Death claims one every day;
I'm dealing now in buck-skins
  For lack of grain and hay.

This farm was just a present—
  To stay doth me behoove.
Did I not love my neighbor,
  I'd shoot these mules and move.

I cannot understand it,
  Why the Lord did here me send
Upon this barren desert—
  I can't make enough to spend.

Had I but cash in plenty,
  I'd leave the plow and hoe,
Nor would I mules be driving
  Amid such toil and woe.

I'd seek some other labor,
  Perhaps start out in biz;
But when I think it over,
  'Tis better as it is.



THE DAWN OF A DAY.

Ho! sons, arise! 'Tis the dawn of day.
The robins chirp, the lambs they play;
We'll clear away the virgin soil,
Want seldom comes to those who toil;
The sun will soon climb yonder hill,
And paint its beauty in the rill.
The ant's at work, the birds they sing,
The bee will soon be on the wing.
Ho! sons, arise! The night has flown,
I'll help you plow, you may reap alone.

Worldly men of every creed,
Kings and queens, we farmers feed;
Beggars, too, they live somehow;
We earn all by the sweating brow.
We'll fill the barns with golden grain,
We'll fill the mammoth mows again.
We'll smile when winter sends its blast,
And snow and ice sweep swiftly past.
Your mother's span is almost trod.
We will soon be reaped by the arm of God.

SELF-ADULATION.

They call me a dog—well, I am, I suppose—
Criticised is my tail, my teeth and my nose;
I'm kicked if I don't obey all that is said,
And many's the time I wished myself dead.

I've this much to say—if I can't laugh and talk,
And pull on my cap, stand up and walk—
I never get drunk, and threaten men's lives,
Or wink on the streets at other dog's wives.

I'm never in jail, nor afraid of my God—
No officer follows the path which I trod—
My conscience is pure, my life all can view,
Look well as some men, I'll leave it to you.

EARTH'S CREATION.

God made the earth, the moon, the stars,
The rainbow in the sky,
The glorious sun that gives us light
Each day from heaven on high;
He made the valleys, hills and seas
By His almighty powers;
He next made Adam out of dust
And placed him midst the flowers.

Adam saw the progress of the earth,
He viewed its vast domains,
As underneath the tree he sat
And scanned its fertile plains;
Winds would toss the frothing brine,
Vast hills arose on plain,
His eyes would ope, as craters shriek,
Though soon to close again.

The Lord inquired unto the cause
Why he was heavy laden;
Then Adam spoke unto the Lord,
"I'm lonely for a maiden."
The Lord said, "Sleep!" And Adam slept—
He awoke and all was done,
And there beside him sat a maid
As radiant as the sun.

"The work is o'er," thus spake the Lord,
"And Eve she shall be named."
Said Adam, "She's so sweet and fair,
This face makes me ashamed."
The answer came, "You'll here remain,
Each other's soul to thrill;
You'll have dominion o'er the earth,
The beasts, the sea, the hill.

"On yonder tree there groweth fruit;
By no hand shall it fall;
This vast domain to thee I give,
That you may rule it all."
Soon Eve left Adam, and ere long
Returned and asked his pardon.
"I plucked the fruit that yonder grew"—
God drove her from the garden.

Then Adam said, "I, too, will go.
We'll ask another home;
I'd rather dwell on yonder rock
Than in this place, all alone."
They left the place at God's command,
Their roof was clouds above—
And thus began the birth of man,
With this sacrifice for love.

This tells the bravery of the fair
And how this life was gained.
She was a hero from her goal,
A title still maintained.
Were Adam first to taste the fruit
That grew upon that tree,
Upon a log he yet would sit
Enrapted in misery.

He who doth speak of her as false
When tempted, how she fell,
Knows not that his existence here
Caused her the pains of hell.
The heart that beats in woman's breast
Is pure as buds of May,
Compared with man, who plants his seed,
Then forever walks away.

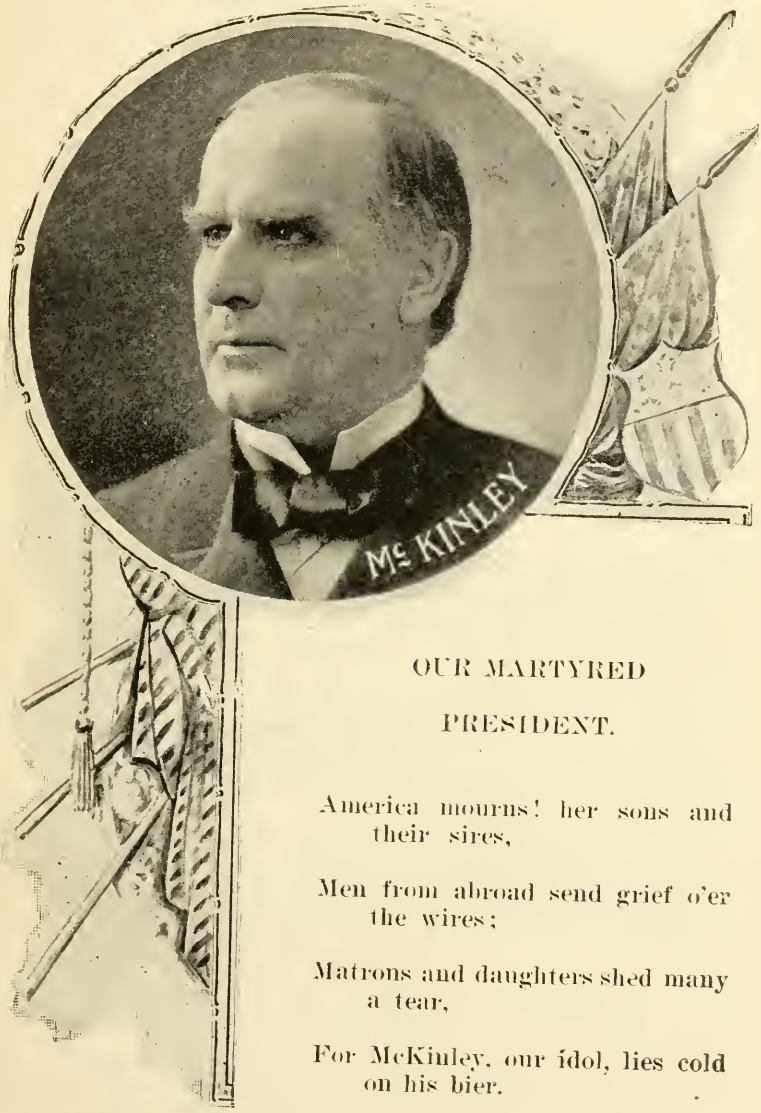
The ignorant say that women talk—
Are plumed, are shelled and pearled—
Well, have they not a right to talk?
They're the Mothers of the world.
Man goeth forth with pick and spade,
And downcast, solemn mien;
He'll build a castle in the air,
Then who must keep it clean?

True, man will face the cannon's roar,
The enemy will rid;
But no man ever rammed more shots
Than Mollie Pitcher did.
Brave Barbara Frietsche waved the flag
From out the window sill;
"This is the one I love, Stonewall,
Now shot me if you will!"

No man has ever soared so high
  That woman would not go.
For love of child mothers have leaped
  To fiery depths below.
No vehicle has moved so fast
  That woman would not ride;
No catastrophe has come to earth
  Where she was first to hide.

Look in the faces of the fair,
  Then on the face of man;
The one is like unto the sun,
  One aglow with hair and tan.
One sings heavenly bliss and joy,
  One falsehoods yearns to tell;
Like doves among the buzzards wild,
  Come women here to dwell.

I could speak long of her goodness,
  Her enemies I defy;
Were there no women on this earth,
  'Tis true I'd pray to die.
For they are godly gifts to man,
  And many times I've wondered:
If man is blessed with a woman's love,
  What of him who has a hundred?



OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

America mourns! her sons and
their sires,

Men from abroad send grief o'er
the wires;

Matrons and daughters shed many
a tear,

For McKinley, our idol, lies cold
on his bier.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

From the home of the chosen, you decided to go,
And make them a visit at old Buffalo;
To the vilest of demons you extended your hand,
While the fatal shot fell thee, O, pride of our land!

'Twas few days thou linger'st, and death relieved pain,
Men spoke of recovery again and again;
At last came this message: "All hope is now fled.
Czolgosz is a murderer; the President's dead."

To the martyr's bier his remains they soon bore;
Lincoln and Garfield have slept there before;
Three noble men, who ruled well our lands,
All brought to their tombs by murderers' hands.

Whe'er the stars shine thy absence is felt;
May the blessings of God rest on Roosevelt;
May he execute plans o'er the Land of the Free,
And well fill the seat vacated by thee.

All flags are half-masted on this mournful day,
And slowly they tread as they bear thee away;
Thou hast well done thy duty by all from thy goal—
McKinley, our hero, sweet peace to thy soul!

RETRIBUTION.

There was silence in the chamber;—
  Czolgosz seated in the chair,
Wires hummed the sad death rattle,
  Flashing blue light here and there.

The warden grasped the lever
  That switched the well-aimed blow,
And asked the trembling culprit:
  "Are you ready, sir, to go?"

Czolgosz Replies:

"I own I shot McKinley,
  For shooting is my creed,
Nor can I say before I die
  I'm sorry for the deed.

"I swore that I would kill him,
  The deed at last was done,
And now that death doth claim me—
  Farewell! my race is run.

"Turn on the current! I'm ready!"
  No sign of pain he bore;
A corpse now in the chair he sat—
  The murderer is no more.

JENNIE ARBUCKELL.

THE FADED FLOWER.

"Held by the arm of deathly ties
At the village of Milroy.
In dreamless slumber now she lies—
My sweetheart when a boy."

THE FADED FLOWER.

There once bloomed a blossom, fair as the sun.
I first saw its beauty in sculpture-work done;
I noticed its colors so bright never fled:
Brown, white and raven; her cheeks were of red.
A movable flower, 'tis time thou didst learn,
Would wander with winds soon to return.
So sweet were her features, so tender her voice,
Could I but win her, how I would rejoice!
Have none learnt to love her? the thought came to me,
Doth nobody claim her? Can such a thing be?
I met her one night, she was one of a throng,
I asked where she lived, if the road thence was long.
"Well, 'tis rather long," said she with a smile;
"You may come if you wish, for it's almost a mile."
I met there her sister—her mother, most fair —
They asked me my name—I told them 'twas Hair.
When thus introduced I soon walked away;
On leaving, they asked me to call the next day;
I called in a fortnight, we together did talk,
And then to the woodland for the first time did walk.
We spoke of our meeting, so queer it did seem.
"You'll part"—something told me as if in a dream.
Thus happy months fled, two hearts beat as one,
Methought I was sure that the victory was won;
But a sad change came by the end of the year,
For sickness had laid its hands on my dear.
'Twas making its progress, surely, though slow.
I knew that ere long my Jennie must go,
She said to me once, in a soft, trembling tone,
"'Tis the will of the Lord that I leave thee alone;
I know I must die and soon soar away,
But one thing I ask thee, grant it, I pray:
My grave keep blooming with flowers most rare,
And ever remember a true one lies there."
A week scarce elapsed, when this message was told,
We all were in mourning, her lips were now cold.
Today in the churchyard she takes her sweet rest;
God called her so young, and why? He knows best!
Could I leave this bleak earth, to her I would fly.
Thy name shall not fade! My darling, good-bye!

"I'm only a child tonight"

FOR I AM ONLY A CHILD TONIGHT.

Could I cast from my shoulders few years that lie there
  And backward to childhood take flight,
You'd hear my voice ring out in the air—
  For I'm only a child tonight.

Go bring me the goat that oft I have reined,
  My shaggy dog bring to my sight;
Show me the fish that at dawn I seined—
  For I'm only a child tonight.

Go bring me the sled I rode when a boy,
  My playmates who pushed me with might;
Show me the skates that gave me such joy—
  For I'm only a child tonight.

Show me the river near where I have stood,
The bullheads that stung me for spite;
Show me my fish rod; Oh! that you could—
For I'm only a child tonight.

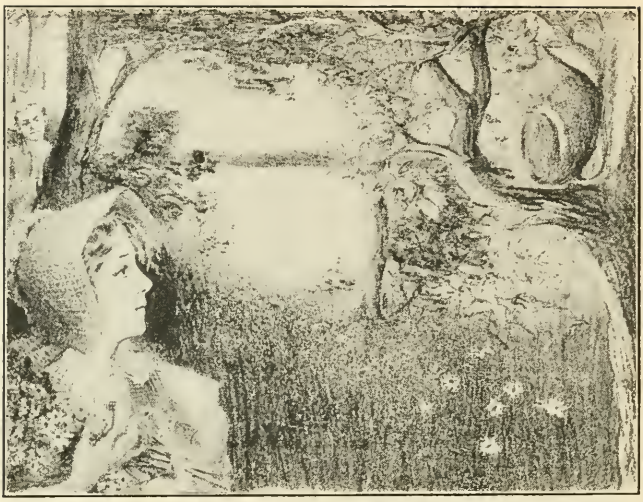
Oh! where is the girl I loved when a child?
The tree where each made a vow?
I told her by me she'd ne'er be beguiled—
I'd love her so different now.

Where are my brothers? Time severed the tie
And narrowed the clear, limpid rill,
From where we oft ran our minnows to fry,
In the little brick cot on the hill.

Oh, show me the fields of clover, so green,
Where I clung to the cord of my kite,
And motioned to Roy to toss it again—
For I'm only a child tonight.

Our neighbors have all in the chariot rode,
My parents have entered the line,
To the silent city to take their abode—
All reaped by the sickle of time.

On the morn I'll forget the message I've told,
Earth's pleasures once more will be bright,
As onward I glide to the tomb drear and cold—
But I'm only a child tonight.



THE SQUIRREL, DAISY AND STREAM.

The Squirrel:

Said a Squirrel to the Daisy: What a sweet smile!
I waited for you a good long while;
I clung to this bough as it swung in the air,
I thought you'd spring up just about there.

Don't you remember, when I last scaled yon tree,
How you sat trembling, for the welfare of me;
But you are so tender, and don't grow very tall,
Therefore, fair Daisy, you think I may fall.

The last we spoke was one evening quite late,
Little thought I that death was your fate;
The winds blew cold, to and fro I was tossed,
On the morn I found you laid low by the frost.

I mourned day and night, for that terrible sting
Took you, sweet Daisy, to sleep till the spring;
So oft you have seen me at play by your side,
I knew you'd return, else I'd pined and died.

While you were asleep, hunters passed to and fro,
Following the deer by his track in the snow;
I've heard in the woodlands the yelp of the hound,
I hid in my nest, I feared a death wound.

The old stream, sweet Daisy, is running near by,
Oh! that it would halt and make some reply;
It must tell its story to me it doth seem,
I'll hear your reply, and then to the stream.

The Daisy:

The last I remember, my stem was so cold,
My leaves they trembled and began there to fold;
When the world grew dark, I knew death was nigh,
I cried out, "Come, quickly!" but you were too high.

I suppose while I slept you've seen many sights,
Like the doe chased by hunters, over these heights;
I'll wager you mocked men, who lay on yon knoll
While taking good aim at you in your hole.

All nature is beauty; as in days gone by,
The sweet moss doth grow, the pretty birds fly;
The world is brightening, the clouds smile on me,—
Has the stream changed its course from bay to the sea?

Oh! had I but been here, a long time ago,
Perhaps I'd have seen melting mountains of snow;
I was ready to kiss the sun in the sky
Lo! a hunter trod on me, I thought I would die.

Perhaps many men for a season have wept,
Others drank joy and death while I slept;
It seems but a twinkling I rode on death's wave,—
The same shall speak man, when called from the grave.

My voice has grown weak, dear friend, I must rest,
For the sun has sunk low, afar in the West;
The curtain he draws will banish all light,
I'll list to the stream, then close for the night.

THE STREAM:

I'll tell thee my story, since 'tis thy request:
I am so weary of drear winter's rest;
The bright sun now setting has broken my chain.
Its links have been severed by showers of rain.

The fishes, once lazy, are busy at play,
And slowly are making their course towards the bay
'Twas I that lulled them when weary with chill,
But now they can play with the wheel at the mill.

I often have sighed, for the twigs on my bank
Leaned over the brink and from me they drank,
Thinking I'd warn them before 'twas too late,
But winter came quickly and death was their fate.

I was not so lonely, sweet Daisy, as thee,
While I lay asleep, many boys trod on me;
And the sweetest of women, like poet's pride,
Would come late and early and merrily slide.

Sweet Daisy, you spoke as though I were free;
Why ask, "have I changed my course to the sea?"
When dross, so impure, was all that could run,
Till I was unbound by the glorious sun.

Professor at climbing, I bid thee, adieu!
And Daisy, no blossom is sweeter than you!
I'd be so happy could I next winter shun,—
The old mill is quiet, so I must glide on.

IN MEMORY OF HAZEN S. PINGREE.

(Written on Funeral Day.)

Good-by! Hazen Pingree, thy days here are o'er;
You gave men their freedom and fought for the poor,
You helped free the states at Lincoln's great call—
At last made Governor, and the best of them all!

You were worshipped by women, and loved by most men,
For charity bestowed again and again;
And never again will Michigan see
Her fertile soil governed by a ruler like thee!

Thy years were not many before the last call,
Yet great was the good meted out unto all;
The young and the old thy sayings relate;
You died with great plans for the good of the State.

That city, Detroit, is in mourning today,
And crape with the winds most gently doth sway,
Telling the fate of one who was loyal,
And marking his grave in Michigan's soil.

The heart of the timid, the heart of the brave,
Now silently beat one march to the grave;
Slowly the tread, the drums scarcely play,
For thou, like the flower, art faded away.

Sweet be thy peace in thy last resting place;
The earth that thou governed now hideth thy face;
Thy great love for charity, your people now tell.
Once more and forever, good ruler, farewell!

"I fain would stop, for I am weary."

A WEARY BELL'S APPEAL.

Another Sabbath finds me swinging
  Like the hammock to and fro,
Again the rope is pulled with vigor
  By the sexton down below.

Like rolling waves my sound doth tremble
  Over hill and over glen;
I make no choice, all are welcome,
  Women proud and treacherous men.

I've hung long in this lone belfry,
  To and fro I swing and toss;
While once I shone like gold in beauty,
  Now I'm covered o'er with moss.

Another generation listens;
  All who lived when I was cast
Slumber in the churchyard yonder;
  I have tolled their knell at last.

When one is taken from their number
  And his soul forever fled,
'Tis then that I ring out in sorrow,
  That all may know that one is dead.

'Tis many years since I was moulded;
  At every sunset I've been swung;
I fain would stop, for I am weary
  Of telling all the day is done.

Oh! will they ever cast another,
  And take me gently down to rest?
Might not another voice warn them,
  Even though mine echoes best?

Watchmen oft have fire discovered,
  When the stormy winds did blow;
'Twas then my knell proclaimed the danger,
  From my pivot to and fro.

Oh! take me down and swing another,
  May it sound a sweeter chime;
When I'm motionless down yonder,
  Disturb me not till the end of time.

LIFE AS IT IS IN THE UNITED STATES REGULAR ARMY.

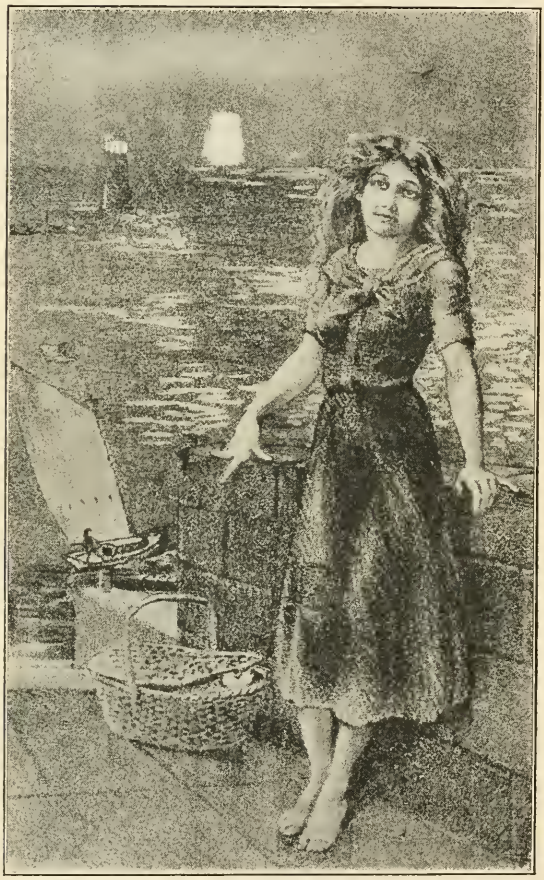
What: you bid me tell a story?
  Well, boys, I'll tell you one;
Were you ever in the army?
  No, well you've missed some fun.
You've also missed the hardships
  Which plague you by the score,
And many a night in hunger
  In the guard house on the floor.
Now I'll tell you all about it
  For I went through the mill.
For years I was a soldier
  Way down in old Fort Sill.
My mother wept that morning
  I bid farewell to her
In answer to the calling
  For boys of character.
They sent me to Columbus
  Where all drew up in line
And whether well or ailing
  They gave us raw quinine.
If a soldier's back was broken
  He by hunger made insane
If his limbs were out of order
  'Twas quinine just the same
They fed us on slungullion,
  That's suet boiled quite rare;
It's poured out in tin dishes—
  You can eat or leave it there.
I took to slum—one morning—
  Saw in it something new,
A chunk of lean—up went my arm—
  'Twas the heel of the old cook's shoe.
Fish balls were offered daily,
  You can smell them while they cook,
On pie, cake and yellow butter
  We never took a look.
Chicory water there is plenty
  But milk and sugar none,
Meat grubs they sang and sizzled

When the frying was begun,
Fish tails and scales left over,
Bread crusts and other trash
Are gathered up together
To make the next day's hash.
I remember how a huckster
At Fort Sill drove to mart—
And asked our trusty sargeant
To buy hens from his cart.
Said he few are not living
And some are still alive
There yours if you purchase—
These few that yet survive.
He bought them for a pittance
Then notified the men,
Boys—chicken pie tomorrow
Ten soldiers to one hen.
How every mouth did water
At the very thought of chick
Now all drew up in order,
All ready for the pick.
Of all the horrid creatures
They called them hens and cocks
Some dead, and those yet living
Were reeling in the box.
I made a dive and got one,
Its skin was black as soot
He looked like Colonel Daggett,
When he had his whiskers cut.
You ask about the canteen
Well—that's a mere saloon
Where a soldier who has money
Can fill up like a loon.
I mean if there is plenty
Of sour mash and brew
They'll sell it to a private
When the officers are through.
When shoulder straps from elsewhere
Would congregate at Sill
We'd get this word from Colonel
The cannons are to fill.
Then hoist our flag of freedom
And fire the merry cheer
Teamsters with their oxen
Would start for mash and beer.
I once went to the Canteen
To order eggs rare done,

The cook was drunk and sleeping
Beneath the noonday sun.
I awoke him with much trouble
And sat him to his work
Which he on such occasions
By all means tried to shirk,
He turned them till he burned them
On his head I them did spill,
Then Daggett—that old tyrant—
Did send me to the mill.
I stayed there near a fortnight
And wheeled a cart each day;
'Twas filled with noxious matter
That men would throw away.
A sentry stood behind me
And held a loaded gun,
He had strict orders given
To shoot me if I run.
I once went to the Doctor,
I had a swollen knee
He first took down his quinine
Before he looked at me.
What is it ails the pris'ner?
Sir, he fell upon the draw—
Give him twenty grains of quinine
And give it to him raw.
The worst of all is coming,
When you spy a shoulderstrap
If outside, you must halt, salute—
If inside, raise your cap.
If you to one need to say
I from hunger soon will die,
To the Sergeant for permission
You promptly must apply.
You'll stand then like a statue
With perfect heel and toe,
If you forget to raise your hand
To the guard house you will go.
'Tis a shame to the great nation,
The pittance that they pay—
It's quinine every hour,
And forty cents per day.
Yet one thing more I'll tell you—
This I'm ashamed to quote,
But a private in the army
Is not allowed to vote.
Yes, boys, they think a soldier

Is far beneath a cur,
Yet all our papers call for
"Young men of character."
The captain's dog and I were friends—
Oft times I stroked her head.
One day I took her dinner
And gave her mine instead.
She looked upon that onion—
That dry bread, hard and stale;
From that time on, she growled at me
And never wagged her tail.
When Teddy fired the negro
With tent and haversack,
Had I three years to serve
I'd wish I were a black.
We read the old war stories
How men fought nights and days—
The soldiers did the fighting
While shoulder straps reaped praise
You swear to shield old glory
And all intruders thrash
And with it you take oath to live
Five years on slum and hash.
I'd today fight for my country;
If they'd banish every elf,
I'd salute no watermelon head
And ask to board myself.
Should my boy ever ask me,
Dear Father can you tell
Me something of the army
For it's army now or hell?
I'd tell him in plain phrases
My son, remember well,
You may select the army—
But your father, he'd take hell.

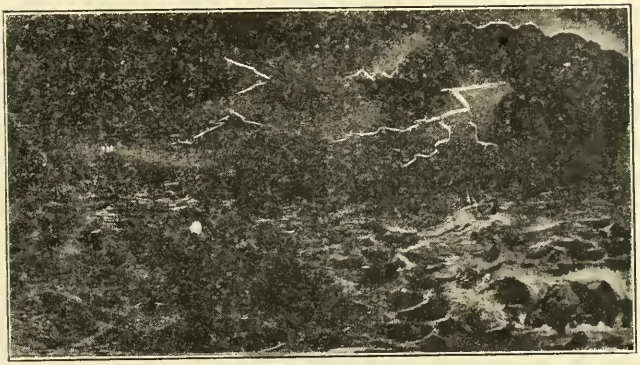
LAKE ERIE IN CALM AND IN STORM.



In Calm:

I lie in calm, though against my will,
I lull my dead, the winds are still;
  A gentle wave o'er my bosom creeps,
  In fact my body soundly sleeps.
The boats, they gently glide along;
Hark to the jolly sailors' song!
  O'er my waters, loud and clear,
  The chorus rings, "We need not fear."
But ah! this promise is not loyal,

Though I gently wash the soil;
  On land they say of me tonight,
  "Behold the lake in beauty bright!"
They think I'll ever thus remain,
And lie here quiet as a plain;
  They see me smile—they'll see me scowl,
Ha! Ha! the winds begin to howl!



In Storm:

No longer will I lull my dead,
I throw them from their peaceful bed;
  I foam! I shriek! so all can hear;
  And those who sang now pray in fear.
I steered their boat where others lie,
In spite of signals shooting high;
  I'll sink them now, while they are caged,
  The winds are here, and I'm enraged!
I've sent a wave to yonder shore,
The danger light shines there no more;
  Their crew rests in a watery grave,
  Their boat I've rent by a mighty wave.
Ha! Ha! another's made a sieve
And her life boats cannot live;
  Men and women shriek in vain!
  My work is done, I'll sleep again.

THE OLD DRUM AND I.

When our country feared trouble, and called for brave men,
And, "we'll take a boy," I read, "now and then,"
My heart leaped with joy, though young, it was true,
I yearned for a suit of Uncle Sam's blue.

I approached my dear mother—at rest 'neath the trees—
And asked for my drum, that I might swarm bees;
Said I, "I'll return with team by and by."
Then off to the war went the old drum and I.

In Detroit we landed, eight-thirty that night.
When the flag met my gaze—the red, blue and white—
I told the old Captain, three years we would try
To protect that dear banner—the old drum and I.

He made me take oath my superiors obey—
The drum said 'twould sound anything I would play;
We marked time that night, like the clouds in the sky.
Oh! we were so happy, the old drum and I.

On the morn came the blast of the horn on the air;
We were recruits, but the first to be there;
We knew not the tune, yet there on the sly
We got in a roll, the old drum and I.

When pay day came round, regardless of fear,
One filled up on wind, the other on beer;
The sentry with gun soon made us fly
To the dingy old guard house, the old drum and I.

And here as I lived on water and bread,
I oft took my drum and pound its old head;
The guards on their posts did hear his loud cry,
Still ne'er did they part us, the old drum and I.

For thirty-three times we tasted the breath
Of the dingy old cell, more solemn than death.
The old floor would creak, the hinges would sigh,
As they closed in upon us, the old drum and I.

Relief came at last, our freedom had come.
Oh! how we rejoiced, myself and the drum;
We marched to our comrades, and bade them good-by,
And came back to mother, the old drum and I.

Farewell! to the guard house; farewell! dismal cell;
Farewell! to the army, the straight road to hell;
Your mode of starvation me years did defy.
No more will we serve thee, the old drum and I.

The poet at one time gave a poetic recital at Byron, Mich., which he shamefully is forced to admit, lies near his birthplace. None of his old associates could understand his mission, consequently the audience was very small. The editor of the Byron Herald, who is yet unable to tell a pump from an elevator, wrote Hair up in his one-sheet paper, after borrowing type from a friend, and here is the poet's reply:

To "James Sleeth, Editor of Byron Herald, Byron, Mich." In reply to yours of recent date, would say:

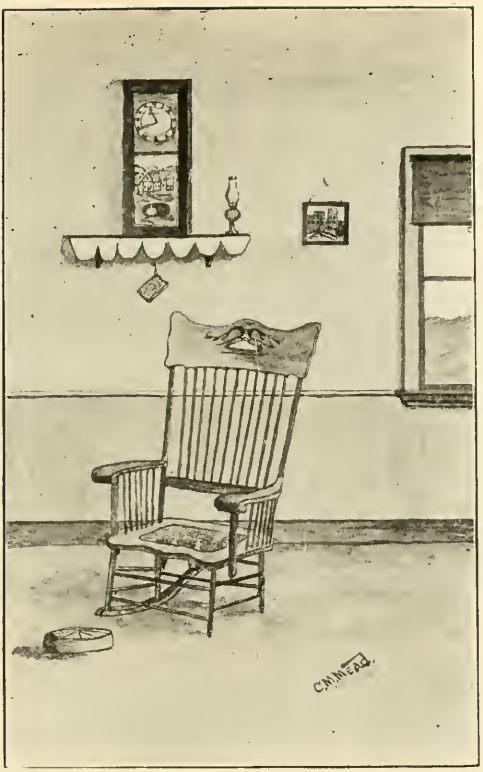
The paper you edit
To you is no credit;
I've read it again and again, sir;
Your writings are soft,
Afar in your loft
There's a great lacking of brains, sir.

Your wit is outrageous;
That your breath's not contagious
Has caused me to smile and to laugh, sir;
Were I you, I'd not fear
To probe out my ear
And inject the brain of a calf, sir.

I'd shave off my "stasch,"
Eat a little more hash,
I'd fill out those hand-me-down pants, sir;
That you live by your pen,
And charitable men,
One can readily tell at a glance, sir.

You borrowed the letters
To write up your betters,
Your light it is darkness and fog, sir;
Your press is so queer,
I looked for its gear
And could find neither wheel or a cog, sir.

So now, Mr. Sleeth,
You can show your black teeth,
With me it will ever be well, sir;
For I fear not a pen
Backed by brains of a hen—
Don't look for me when you're in hell, sir.



FATHER'S OLD CHAIR.

Harm not Father's chair, though far from complete;
One rocker is gone, and torn is the seat;
One leg is broken, that stands in the rear,
Yet he would be welcomed today, were he here.
Many a song in that chair has been sung—
I'll mention a few I've heard when quite young—
He sang "Sally Russell, "Poor Jack and His Bride,"
"The Sayer's Heenan Tussle," and "Slide, Kelly, Slide,"
"Among the Sweet Daisies," "A Trip Through the Rye,"
"The Irishman's Chaises," and "Sweet By and By,"
"The Charming Young Widow," "The Isle of the Green,"
"The Cows in the Meadow," "The Birth of the Queen,"

"Fair Lady Leroy," "Hew Straight to the Line,"
"Come Early My Boy" and "Old Brandy Wine,"
"Sweet Kitty Clyde," "The Hat Father Wore,"
"The Pauper's Last Ride" and "Erin's Green Shore,"
"Gone Away with a Coon," "Dear Jack Now be Sly,"
"Roll on Silver Moon" and "Sweet Nelly Bly,"
"Three Leaves of Shamrock," "It's Naughty but Nice,"
"The Logs on the Jamrock," "I'm Minus the Price,"
"The Gipsies Warning," "The Chest and the Tailor,"
"The Judgment Morning" and "The Dark-Eyed Sailor,"
"Kentucky's Green Shore," "The Harp on the Tree,"
"There's Thousands in Store, but Just One for Me,"
"My Darling Minnie," "The Maid on the Shore,"
"To Old Virginia, Where Sweet Billows Roar,"
"Brave Captain Ward," "Perry and Bird,"
"Give Praise to the Lord," "I'm a Man of My Word,"
"Erin Go Bragh," and "Lannagan's Ball,"
"No Justice in Law," "A Little Too Small,"
"Willis and Mary," "Pat Has the Gout,"
"With You I'll Not Tarry," "My Ma Knows I'm Out,"
"The Oysterman Tall," "The Man in the Moon,"
"The Trumpet's Last Call," "Gone with a Balloon,"
"The Bob Tailed Mare," "Marie of the Moor,"
"The Bridal Pair," "I've Been There Before,"
"Sweet Barbara Allen," "Dad's Dinner Pail,"
"Jericho's Fallen" and "Dan Rice's Bail,"
"The Methodist Parson," "The Mule in the Stall,"
"The Adventures of Carson," "The Hand on the Wall."
He sang many others, I'll not mention here,
Mine eyes are quite blinded with many a tear;
Make room in the parlor and let it stand there,
If you love me, dear brother, preserve the old chair.

WHILE THE MOON IN ITS SPLENDOR LIGHTS VALLEY AND STREAM.

The roses were budding, sweet daisies were nodding,
All nature was sweet as a prisoner's dream;
The lambs they were playing, the clover was swaying,
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

The woodlands were ringing with the nightingale's singing,
The eagle on high would pour forth his scream;
In the midst of my ramble, I espied a fair damsel,
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Why tarry here, lady, in woodland so shady?
The sun on the morn, will soon throw its gleam."
"My heart is near breaking, for my lover I'm waiting"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

She stepped close beside me, her beauty defied me,
I fought with my arm, though strange it may seem.
"None other can suit me." Said I, "I dispute thee"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"My love was a writer, a soldier, a fighter;
He left with another, for beauty, I deem;
Since then I have wandered, sorrowed and pondered"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Oh why did he leave me! Oh, why did he grieve me!
On my face since we parted, no smile has been seen;
I will watch for him ever, till death will us sever"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"Why, maid are you weeping? In death he is sleeping,
And o'er him grow flowers and tall grass so green;
To his rest they long bore him, another weeps o'er him"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

"'Tis the truth are you telling? These words me are killing!
Farewell! then to life, which is only a dream;
In the bed of yon river, I'll rest me forever"—
While the moon in its splendor lights valley and stream.

BUILD IT WELL.

If you would build a house, build it well—
First see the sills are sound,
Walls firm upon the ground,
Roof, the best that can be found.
Build it well!

If you would build a road, build it well—
See that its bed is gravel,
For strangers there will travel,
Your secrets they'll unravel.
Build it well!

If you would build a ship, build it well—
See the masts are not too high,
All winds that pass you by,
To sink you, they will try.
Build it well!

If you would fight a battle, fight it well—
On the rock of right first stand,
Have victory ready planned,
Then on your victim land.
Lick him well!

If you would preach the gospel, preach it well—
First see thy heart is right,
From God receive new sight,
Then cover not your light.
Preach it well!

"There my love has slept for years"

AN INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT AT THE GRAVE OF HER LOVER.

Beneath this tree is a lonely grave
Where sleeps a warrior young and brave.
For years I've wandered to this place
And smoothed the sand that hides his face;
'Tis here on bended knee each day
For my dear love I weep and pray.

I know he lives, though buried low,
And aims his spear at buffalo.
But I will wander to this mound
Till we meet on the hunting ground;
And oft the Spirit Great I pray
That He may summon me away.

A cruel pale-face gave him rest;
He plunged his sword deep in his breast,
And rent his coat all decked with beads,
Then led away his nimble steeds.
He aimed so true, his glistening blade
My love to sleep forever laid.

The one I loved sleeps here for years,
I bathed his grave with many tears;
Though he doth moulder 'neath this mound,
He's happy on the hunting ground,
With buck-skin belt and wampum braid,
And beaded moccasins I made.

And quiver of the softest skin;
I shaped his flint-heads, made them thin,
They gave the hiding panther pain,
For they ne'er left his bow in vain.
He slew the wolf, but spared the dove,
And this is why he was my love.

How oft we rambled hand in hand,
Tracking the deer upon the sand,
Pausing to rest by yonder rill;
Then hasten to the distant hill,
And there ascend its barren side,
Hoping to find an otter's hide.

Oh, could I fly like birds above,
Had I wings of a turtle-dove,
O'er this bleak glen I'd soar tonight
I'd smooth his grave, then take my flight;
His loving face, could I but see,
I'd die content on yonder lea.

The hunting ground—I'd meet him there
With manly form and braided hair,
And hear his whisper: "Can this be,
Oh, love! whence come you back to me?"
None know my heart;—since here he fell
I long to die. Farewell! farewell!

THE OLD CLOCK'S LAMENT.

Of all the sufferers on this earth,
  No matter, great or small
I'll prove to you conclusively
  My pangs outweigh them all.

Since my round face first saw the light,
  Some ninety years have fled;
And ever since my heart throbs on—
  Great wonder I'm not dead.

For all this great extent of time
  I never changed my place;
Though many thousands on me gaze
None washed my hands or face.

They placed a gong upon my heart,
  And ticks around me creep;
At every hour I must call,
  I ne'er find time to sleep.

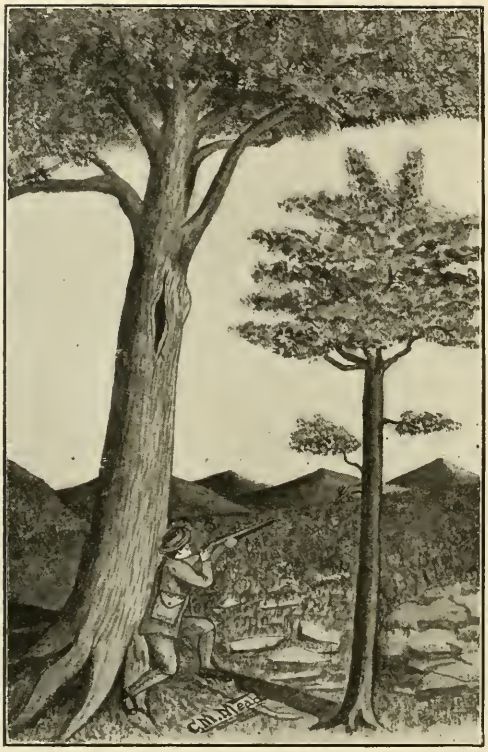
They wind me with a horrid key
  Until I screech from pain;
And though I beg to be relieved,
  My pleadings all are vain.

"I said, 'fools say there is no God'"

NEW YEAR IN MY SOUTHERN HOME.

The moon arose and spread its wings
  O'er captives and the free,
On the first of January
  Eighteen and ninety-three.
A few clouds scattered here and there,
  Dotted the clear blue sky,
Shattering moonbeams o'er the vale
  As winds would hurl them by.
The barren limbs of ash and elm,
  And other forest trees,
All bowed their lofty heads beneath
  The pleasant winter breeze.

No frost had chilled their tender bark,
No snow upon the ground,
As I have often seen at home
When New Year's eve came round.
But spots of green grass here and there—
The meadow lark would sing,
As he in northern climates does
When he announces spring.
And the little brooklets gaily leap
O'er pebbles, blythe and gay,
While in its clear and crystal depths
The little minnows play.
I thought of nature's beauteous charm
Beaming from everywhere,
As I strolled along the woodland path,
Fanned by the evening air.
From among the tangled branches, green,
Of ivy, growing near,
Flew the frightened turkey hen,
And, lo! the fleeing deer.
Far in the distant forest wild,
I hear the baying hound,
And all the hills, it seemed to me,
Still echo back the sound.
Still I wandered aimlessly,
Shaded by many trees,
And watched the little branches sway,
Kissed by the evening breeze.
I walked beside a little spring,
I crossed a mossy ridge;
I watched the acorns as they fell
Near by upon the bridge.
I said: "Fools say there is no God!"
I grasped the tender bowers,
And breathed the sweet and fragrant air
In those quiet midnight hours.
I turned me back and wandered home,
And hastened to my room,
And sat there by a window pane,
And gazed upon the moon.
The guard-house clock, upon the hill,
Within the old stone tower,
With long and measured strokes tolled out
The dying midnight hour.
I lay me on a warrior's cot,
Midst comrades brave and true;
I closed my eyes to the trumpet's blast—
Farewell! to Ninety-two.



"I've sheltered thee from storms."

THE PECAN AND THE OAK.

"How old art thou?" the Pecan cries,
"Oh, that you would resign!
Of late your aged and rough bark roots
Are clinging fast to mine.

"You proudly stand, though hard and old,
When storms are fierce and wild;
Your old rough bark compares with mine
As a workman with a child.

"Your leaves are hard as Nero's heart,
Their ribs are first to see;
Midst breezes they pour forth their scorn
By dancing over me.

"The raccoon hides in your old boughs,
Also the panther purs;
Your fruit is food for filthy swine,
Though covered o'er with burrs.

"Now don't you feel ashamed, Old Oak,
Of living? Tell me true;
My failing voice is growing weak;
I'll listen now to you."

THE OAK REPLIES:

"Long have I graced this remote field,
And proud Pecan, am I
To know my branches old can sway
So proudly in the sky.

"Men of yore, now dead and gone,
Oft knew not where to go;
At length they marked me as a guide,
Ere you commenced to grow.

"As a father shields his loving child,
I've sheltered you from storms;
My trunk would sway to catch the frost,
While o'er you held my arms.

"When you, Pecan, were but a sprig,
The hunters round me knelt;
My boughs threw shade around you then
And all quite happy felt.

"A hundred years have passed and gone,
The storms, the sun, and moon,
Decayed my broken heart above—
It hides the shy raccoon.

"Beneath my boughs a maiden sleeps,
Felled by a lover's blow;
'Twas I that marked her resting place,
Two hundred years ago.

"Her bones have slowly turned to dust,
Save one that here I lull,
Wound with roots deprived from earth,
Now rests this maiden's skull.

"I've seen the red man running wild,
With quiver on his back;
And where your trunk is firmest now,
He found the otter's track.

"My fruit cannot compare with thine,
But thee I've watched since birth;
I've filled the path where many heels
Would crush thee in the earth.

"I'll pardon thee, for thou are young,
But speak more kind to me;
I'll shield thee ever from the storm;
Come now, speak thou to me."

The Pecan:

"Oh, Father Oak, forgive thy child!
Thou art a glorious tree!
I'll always boast, if spared, to tell
How you protected me.

"'Tis true, the maids will seek my fruit,
And always call it best,
But where your branches shade the soil,
They pause for sweetest rest.

"I've seen the hunter, in my time,
Bring down the bleeding goose,
And take a bead from your old bark
To fire on the grazing moose.

"We try to reach, but 'tis in vain—
Long may thy branches sway!
When severed by the woodman's axe,
May you fall and quick decay."

TO MY ABSENT WIFE.

My wife went away the other night,
She heard from home and took her flight;
    It's scarce a week since she is gone,
    I wish she'd hurry back anon.
And were I near a telephone
I'd say: "I'm lonely! Please come home!"
    My home tonight looks like a place
    Which to all men would bring disgrace;
Each nook and corner I will scan
And mention all as best I can:

The sitting-room is filled with sand,
My clothes are on the parlor stand;
Tidies are falling from the chairs,
And spiders dropping down in pairs;
My cot is searched by every breeze,
My chickens come in when they please.
Tramps call on me each day in scores,
The pig runs in through open doors;
Mosquitoes hum around my head,
And big green flies perch on the bread.
The mirror's hanging upside down,
The walls have changed from white to brown.
At starving-point is my poor cur,
For he, too, did depend on her.
The clock is silent on the shelf—
You'd know I made the bed myself;
Cold is the hearth and dim the light,
Oft do I miss my bath at night.
My neighbors all think I'm a fake.
For of their victuals I partake;
Nothing to eat can I prepare—
That's why I must beg of their fare.
The bird has ceased his merry song,
For he, too, knows that something's wrong;
His wings have dropped, his head hangs low—
Maybe he's hungry—I don't know.
I sleep each night in a bed unmade,
I burn a light for I'm afraid.
She's small of size and weak of frame,
To treat her ill would be a shame.
Each harsh word bringeth forth a tear,
To vex her, that is all I fear.
The meals she gets are all well done,
Methinks they'd suit most anyone.
I have but one word more to say:
A bachelor I could never stay!

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

What! I tell you a story?
  My child, what will it be?
Something about the heavens,
  Or about the land and sea?

Crispy morning, well, my pet,
Good many years ago,
A babe lay in a manger,
  When all was clad in snow.

We, having no Redeemer,
The Father one had sent
That we might live forever
  If we but would repent.

Christ came to save the sinner—
  The false, the proud, untrue—
We'd have needed no redeemer
  If all men were like you.

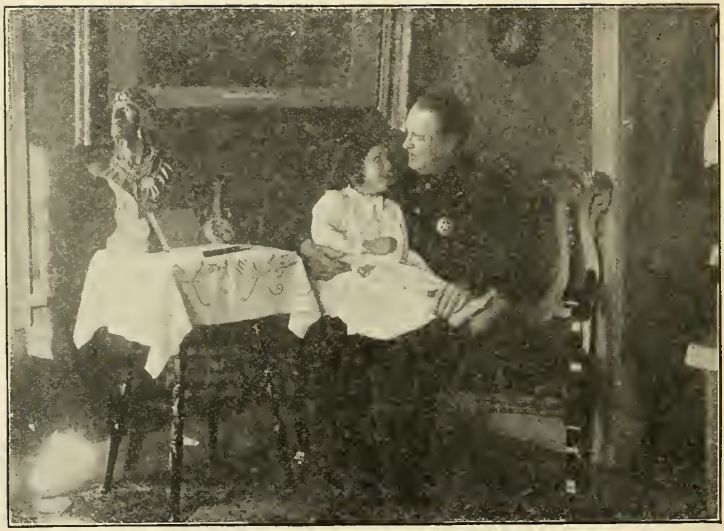
Since then, for such a blessing
  As on that cold night came,
A saint has brought grand presents
  And "Santy" is his name.

But he's a queer old fellow—
  Don't stop at every door;
He seems to have a hatred
  For children that are poor.

When I, like you, a baby,
  In him I did believe.
On the knob I hung my stockings
  On every Christmas eve.

I'd see grand presents given,
  From arm and Christmas-tree,
But many times an apple
  Was all he left for me.

Ma said we had no money,
  And "Santa" he was mad;
I thought it a strange notion
  That queer old "Santy" had.



"What will that story be?"

When Christmas came next season,
I'd see some grand display;
I'd ask about my presents—
His deer just ran away.

Tonight old "Santy's" coming—
Not as in days of yore—
Go find your longest stockings
And hang them on the door;

And then lie very quiet,
If you should hear a noise,
It's "Santy Claus" a-coming
With candy and with toys.

He'll run your stockings over,
He'll leave new shoes and gown;
He'll then go out the chimney—
The way that he came down.

Now go to sleep, my baby,
For you need nothing fear;
I only hope that "Santy"
May call on you each year.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

When the world grows dark around me,
And my friends they all surround me,
And my ears are deaf to words that they may say;
When near death's door I'm sleeping
Then perhaps few will be weeping—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I hear the distant chiming,
When my brain has ceased its rhyming,
And my heart it beats unsteady all the way;
When my vision shall deceive me,
And my other senses leave me—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When no earthly toil shall grieve me,
When from cares death shall relieve me,
And my memory shall completely pass away;
When my limbs cease to obey me
And no longer will convey me—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When at poverty I am laughing,
And at cripples I am chaffing.
When I scoff at persons who are old and gray;
When I grow so cold and greedy
That I shall forget the needy—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When the good old hand that reared me,
And the voice that often cheered me,
Are banished from my memory for the day;
When friends I ceased to number,
And behold the ones that slumber—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I shall forget Pap's anvil,
His old shop and the candle,
The bellows which I worked by night and day;
The fire so brightly glowing,
That the bellows same were blowing—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When of her I'm no more thinking
Who upbraided me for drinking,
Who returned my ring and bade me stay away;
When I shall forget those hours
Spent with her in gathering flowers—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When I'm no longer weeping
For another who is sleeping
Near Rushville, Indiana, namely J——;
When I blot her visage clever,
From my memory forever—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

When my tongue is still forever,
And my heart will not throb ever,
When I behold the home for which I pray;
When my sorrow here is ended,
And my soul to God ascended—
Oh, that will be the day I soar away!

"They were somebody's darlings"

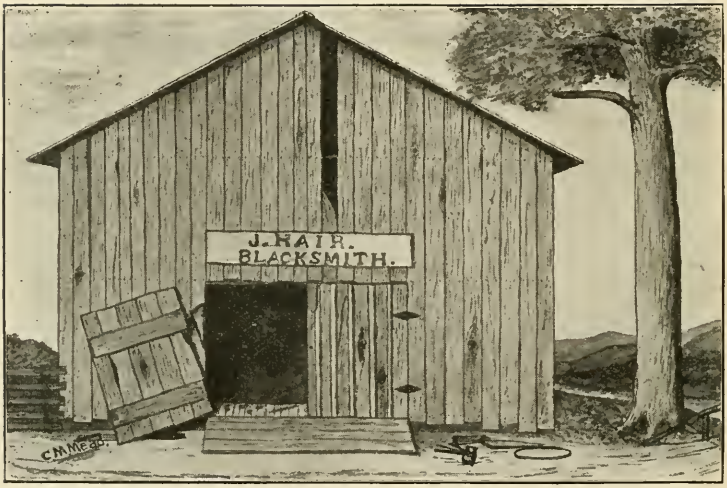
TWO LITTLE GRAVES.

My chase was successful, the robber is caught,
Whom I have so long and wearily sought;
Whither he led me was weary and long,
But he to the cell in the wagon has gone.

Through woodlands and valleys, so strange was the way,
That two little graves confront me today;
They're somebody's darlings, 'tis plain to be seen,
There are roses in bloom, and grass fresh and green.

Somebody wept, yea, somebody cried,
Somebody weeps, now they sleep side by side;
Somebody prays to our Father divine,
Oh, what if one grave held that baby of mine!

Somebody knows, Who doeth all well,—
Why they were taken, no mortal can tell;
But God in his wisdom take spirits above,
He makes no distinction for those whom we love.



"There stands my father's shop"

FATHER'S OLD SHOP.

I have treasures on this earth,
  But there is one dear spot
That liveth in this heart of mine,
  There stands my Father's shop;
*Jude's pine it swingeth to and fro,
The same as twenty years ago.

The river glides on to the sea;
  My father made the chain
That reached its hand to hold my boat,
  Then to the bridge again;
The moss there on the shore doth grow,
The same as twenty years ago.

The door swings on one rusty hinge,
  The chimney doth in ruin lie,
The room that held the flaming forge
  Hath many an opening to the sky;
The bellows, that the fires did blow,
Are gone since twenty years ago.

When I was here a blacksmith's child,
  Had parents and a home,
My thoughts would soar to countries wild,
  And there I said I'd roam;
Ere long I ventured far to go,
And left them twenty years ago.

Now I've returned, but where is he
  Who knew a careworn breast?
O'er yonder in the bleak churchyard
  They laid him down to rest;
Sleep on, in thy cold bed below,
I'll find thee when from earth I go.

The Jude mentioned in this poem is one Judas Herrington, who lived neighbor to the Hair family and who was a friend to the poet when a child, when a youth and when a man. In his yard grew a mammoth pine tree, 'neath which young Dell whiled away many of his childhood hours.

THE CALL THAT BROKE MY HEART.

I've listened long to the silent call,
With friends did bravely part;
I bid adieu to them each and all—
There's one that broke my heart.

When upon her light the curtains fell,
She smiled when at death's door;
Those weary lids, she to me did tell,
Now closed to ope no more.

Soon I gazed upon the smiling dead;
My mother! can it be
Thy spirit to the beyond has fled,
That watched and mourned for me?

There were men to her of me spoke ill,
And neighbors to her came
With my faults—her very soul would thrill—
But she loved me just the same.

When the setting sun takes light from earth,
She's with me then it seems;
When from my beat I seek my berth,
I see her in my dreams.

That Mother, to me, was like the sun,
Her patience never fled;
Though men found fault, she'd say, "Well done!"
And now that she is dead,

Through space and mist and many tears,
That Mother I can see,
Praising Him, from heavenly spheres,
Through all eternity.

THE WOODLAND'S APPEAL.

Why dwell in the city? when I welcome thee
To nature's warm bosom, where water runs free;
Where every sprig bows to welcome the breeze,
And the wild bird doth warble his note from the trees.

Why dwell in the city? where men struggle for style,
Here the thorn and the rose gives smile for a smile;
Here nature clothes all, no robbers to fear,
And all sing together—no jealousy here.

Why dwell in the city? when here overjoyed
Whistles the quail; where axe unemployed
Hews nothing down, disturbs not her nest,
And the squirrel seems to smile, so peaceful his rest.

Why dwell in the city? while here, 'neath your feet,
You trample on daisies and daffodils sweet;
The white lilies bow to all as they pass,
No sign ever reads—"Keep off from the grass."

Why dwell in the city? when here you can stroll,
And gather wild flowers, and sit on you knoll;
Converse with the lady so long you have sought,
Here tales are ne'er carried, borrowed or bought.

Why dwell in the city? when here the bat flies,
The whippoorwill sends his notes to the skies;
The happy birds nest and music is sung,
The screech-owl in darkness is feeding her young.

Why dwell in the city? when here, undefiled,
Birds in their purity, sing for your child;
By their wings and their songs the atmosphere stirred,
Here many sweet notes are warbled unheard.

Why dwell in the city? when here the wild bees
Give to the wanderer sweets from the trees;
For many in bondage, who once lived with thee,
Have followed their queen to a dwelling with me.

Why dwell in the city? where many have sinned,
Here fragrance and purity ride on each wind;
Here lust is unknown, for God is yet king.
Come, ye proud dwellers, where all kindred sing.

"The many birds they cheer me"

MAY.

Get thou behind me winter,
  Thy days of reign are o'er;
I'll bid the streams once more go free,
  Plant rushes on the shore.

My forests were in beauty,
  You appeared upon the scene,
And there unfurled your snow and ice,
  Where I first spread the green.

With frost you killed my flowers,
  You robbed the earth of cheer;
You sent the birds to sunny climes,
  But now they reappear.

Oft you've caused men to suffer,
  Then heeded not their plea;
You've sent the winds across the earth,
  Wrought havoc on the sea.

Where'er you reign, there dearth and gloom
  Doth still the woodland's ring;
Get thou behind me, winter,
  For I once more am king!

"Get thee behind me, Winter, for I once more am king"

JUNE.

The earth is breathing near me,
And many birds they cheer me;
Nothing seems to fear me,
All come near.
The rose bushes are blushing,
Sweet odors from them gushing;
The little brook is rushing
Towards the mere.

Dame nature is reposing,
The tree toad he is dozing;
July threatens a foreclosing,
That is all.
Clouds on high are dancing,
Retreating and advancing;
The sun is gaily glancing
Through trees tall.

The mimic thrush is singing,
The hang bird he is swinging;
A dinner bell is ringing,
It is noon.
Men rest in shady bowers
And scent the perfumed flowers
Expecting sudden showers—
This is June.

THE DESTROYED WORLD.

We hasten, like a mighty sea,
Before the world to make our plea;
Oh! why were we all doomed to die
Ere we drew breath or gave a sigh?
Our maker intended we should live,
And to our forms he life did give.
It was man's sin that sealed our doom,
And caused our death within the womb.
Heartless parents, on you we call:
Was there not plenty here for all?
The lips are stilled that would have sung,
Our voice in woodlands would have rung.
We would have cheered you in old age,
And rendered you all due homage;
We'd light the path that's darkness now,
And smooth the locks on mother's brow,
You we would praise, who gave us life,
With music banish clouds of strife;
We'd build great ships upon the mains.
We'd build great cities on the plains.
We'd anchor ships upon the mains.
Statesmen, too, we would send there,
And wise men to the president's chair;
We'd fight in wars the same as ye,
And pray to God on bended knee.
We'd share your losses and your gains,
We'd share your joys and your pains;
We'd share your sickness and your health,
We'd share your poverty and wealth.
By your example we'd entice
And win men back from shame and vice;
We would have loved, been groom and bride
If in the womb we had not died.
There is a blot that will remain
Upon your souls, a jet black stain,
Which you can never wash away,
Nor yet conceal, do what you may,
For justice once must be unfurled!
Thus speak we, the destroyed world.

WHY I PRAY.

I was born on a hill
Near a translucent rill,
One bleak, cold November day;
The snow flakes fell fast,
And fierce was the blast—
That I live, 'tis no wonder to me.

For the walls they were cold,
And covered with mold,
Through the cracks one plainly could see;
Midst the elements roar,
Ice formed on the floor—
That I live, 'tis a wonder to me.

When I think of me there,
And my dear mother's pray'r,
Asking God in his mercy to see
A babe in the fold,
Though the hearth long was cold—
That I live, 'tis a wonder to me.

And now that she's gone,
To her rest sweet and long,
Where continual sunshine is free,—
The last words she said,
"Meet me there, I'm not dead,
I'll only be waiting for thee."

"Soon the stars will appear, their story to tell"

AFTER THE STORM.

The storm has subsided, the breakers are fled,
The Moon in its splendor shines bright overhead;
Soon the stars will appear, their story to tell,
They were lost in mist, when the black curtain fell.

The light in yon beacon again throws its ray,
It was banished from sight by foam and the spray;
One boat puts to sea, but the ship with the sail
Was driven to shore by the strength of the gale.

The rocks have ceased dripping, the bell swings no more,
That sounded of warning as ships neared the shore;
Now all is serene as the breakers are done,
There is promise at morn of a glorious sun.

"O Gold, for thee do I live"

THE HOARDER OF GOLD.

A miser, in hiding, gloating over his gold,
Replaced it again in its crevice of mold;
Said he—"You're my God, the consoler of mind;
I now will away more treasures to find."—
In the meantime a robber, secreted quite near,
Heard him proclaim, "I've twelve thousand here."
He off to his den, the tale to unfold
Of the miser he'd seen and the crevice of gold.

His tempted companions, at close of the day,
Girded their steeds and sped fast away.
The crevice of gold but one had yet learned,
While meantime the miser with more had returned;
The crevice was opened, by a light pale and dim,
So little he thought of the eyes upon him.
Said he—"O, gold, for thee do I live!
Tho hunger oft reigns, none will I give.

"Offsprings I've none, ne'er courted a bride,
Friends are unknown, you alone are my pride;
I'll kiss thee good night, sure none will molest,
I again will conceal thee, then off to my nest."
No sooner laid he his head on the hay,
With his treasure the robbers were speeding away.
Said he on the morn, "For wealth I will start,
Before going I'll view the pride of my heart."

He arose from his cot the cleft to explore,
But found it not as he left it before;
He discovered his treasures as on wings had fled,
He shrieked in despair, fell lifeless and dead.
Such was the fate of this hoarder of gold,
Left not a friend and eternal life sold;
His plannings, his sufferings, at last him had killed,
He died unprepared, and a pauper's grave filled.

"The four seasons."

THE SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Spring:

I melt the cold snow, I send forth the flower,
I loosen the streams with many a shower;
Cold Winter is gone, and now I'm in power,
The birds sweetly sing in every bower.

The lambs skip and play; each bud on its stem
Is rapidly swelling to blossom again;
The quadruped hides no more in his den,
And a velvet-like carpet, covers the glen.

The fishes rejoice, the eaglets cry,
The pelican builds his nest upon high;
Nature is beauty, and none wish to die,—
Now I will listen to summer's reply.

Summer:

By my warm showers, and sun's brightest ray,
I send forth the lily from the darkest of clay:
The golden grain with the breezes shall sway,
The barefooted urchins so merrily play.

At the rising of sun the dairy maids toil,
The farmer is earnestly tilling the soil;
The serpent in peace rests in his coil,
The air is fragrant with sweet pennyroyal.

In the pleasant forest the wild flowers bloom,
The honey bees labor their sweets to consume;
All seems cheerful, for banished is gloom,
The bachelor is happy as a bride and groom.

Autumn:

I ripen the fruit, both yellow and red,
I send forth the leaves to blanket the dead;
I spray them with dew, to deaden the tread
Of the hunter, who wanders with rifle and lead.

I fill every cellar, no famine returns;
In the lowliest cottage, a bright fire burns,
Preparing for winter, with many concerns—
While the bird on wing, for a season adjourns.

My winds bring the harvest, no moments to spare;
Now and then a flake is seen on the air;
When the harvest is o'er, I'll banish all care,
And each in his dwelling may enjoy a share.

Winter:

Ah! I have returned! I'll conquer at last!
I'll send for the snow, with a cold stinging blast;
The gurgling streams I'll bind and hold fast,—
Spring and summer are gone with the past.

Remain in your cots while I sweep o'er the land,
And out in the air don't venture to stand;
I soar like the condor, outstretch my cold hand—
The summer is gone, and I'm in command!

I'm dreaded by all—yea, loved by none—
The young and the old, me—winter, they shun;
I care not for friends, for alone I begun,
I'll blockade their paths, for soon I'll be done.

"The Lily and the Stork."

THE LILY AND THE STORK.

The Stork:

So bleak is the world, so lonely my home,
Wherever I wander my kindred are flown;
I soar o'er the tree-tops, I scan yonder crest
Which touches the heavens in yon crimson west.
I slept with the toad, I fished in the stream,
And they're not so friendly to me, it doth seem;
So, farewell, my loved haunts,—I now take my flight!
Farewell, toads and fishes and lilies—Good Night!

The Lily:

Why fleest thou hence? This spot is quite fair;
Go perch in yon tree that sways in the air,
And list to the warble of birds near thy nest,
While the sun slowly sinks to his coveted rest.
I and the roses, you see growing here,
The fishes and toads, will try thee to cheer,
We share the same night, we share the same day,—
There are others more lonely—I beg of thee, stay!

"Abandon thy castle and go, dear, with me"

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

My boat is at anchor, I came for thee, darling,
Long have I braved the blue billows' roar;
Abandon thy castle, bid adieu to old Ireland,
I'll take thee with me to Scotland's fair shore.

My bark, it is strong, and will leap o'er the billows,
Her sails fan the air, like the wings of a dove;
'Tis long since we met, and long since we parted,
Thy castle is old, bid adieu to it, love.

Cromwell bombarded the dome of thy castle,
Left Ireland's soil a murderous scene;
Thou art today held a slave to old England,
Bid adieu then, forever, the Isle of the Green.

Reply:

I cannot go with thee, for mother is dying,
Cold are her hands, and clammy her brow;
And yet I assure thee, by everything sacred,
I'd love to go with you, but cannot go now.

My sister is there, consoling the dying,
And many a song today has been sung;
The fear of death has almost departed,
The gates of heaven to her will be swung.

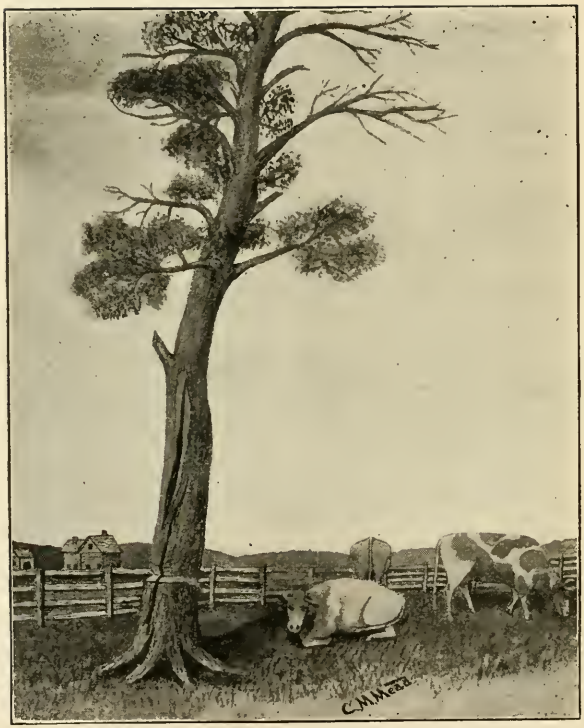
Thou must return thee alone to old Scotland—
But I shall hope to see thee some day
Steering thy bark again to this dwelling,
Then o'er the wild waves, we'll sail far away!

Answer:

Farewell then my dear this may be forever
I now will return to my own native sod;
If my boat should sink, remember I love you,
My corpse rests in ocean, my soul with its God.

Give my love to your friends in the castle
And speak of the heavenly home far away;
Tell her of the crown they wear up in glory,
And the golden harps which the angels play.

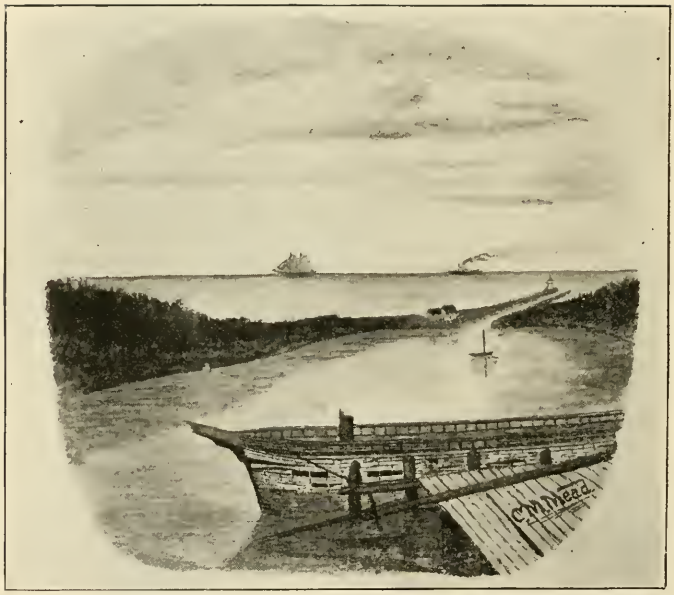
Speak of that light that shineth forever,
In the city of gold, where the angels fly;
No sickness or death ever enters that dwelling—
She will welcome the hour—my darling, good-bye!



"I've seen men love, I've seen them part"

THE FOREST KING'S PITIFUL TALE.

Long have I graced this remote field,
I've seen ripe grain to sickles yield;
I've seen men love, I've seen them part,
And women die of broken heart.
For I was numbered with forest kings,
My heart was guarded with many rings;
Strangers paused while passing by,
Little thought they, much less thought I,
That one I guarded from heaven's alarms
Would wound my trunk, and wilt my arms.
I've shielded him when he in joy
Did sport around me when a boy.
Hand o'er hand he scaled my trunk
In hopes to find a piece of punk;
From bough to bough he leaped with glee—
But, when a man, he murdered me!
I fear not death,—'tis sweet to die,—
Did not my branches softly cry:
"'Twas better that a stranger came
My body thus to wound and maim!
His stroke I would gladly endure,
Without complaint, without demure"——
Beyond the poet mutters low,
"'Tis the fate of all that live,—to go."
I see no tear from his big heart,
For he once loved, death did them part—
But what care I, I'm almost gone,
My leaves are helpless, mute my song.
My branches droop and tremble so,
I pay the debt the world doth owe;
But one word more, before I'm gone,
Oh! listen, world, it won't be long:
Discard your love, and all is fled!
So, farewell! world, for I am dead.



"Could they patch me up, I'd sail again"

THE TALE OF A BROKEN SHIP.

Well, here I am at rest at last—
My spar is gone, likewise my mast;
My keel is bent, my sails are lost
(In surging billows, tempest tossed).
I sailed the seas long years ago
(Progress then was somewhat slow).
I've seen men ill and women die,
And the fount of water almost dry.
I've seen starvation step on board—
This pleased the shark, likewise the sword.
How oft I've thought I'll go to wreck,
When breakers sought my crew on deck.
Though ice would form from sheets of rain,
I'd list to prayers, then leap again;
For I knew that Mothers on every shore
Ask God I bear their kindred o'er.
Though breakers roared and torrents fell
I'd ride them down in the jaws of hell;
They swept me from the road I knew
Rocks would try to pierce me through.
Breakers tossed me to and fro,
Still on, and ever on, I go;
Many a path have I traversed,
Where God reigned not, and Satan cursed.
Men speak of the glories of the sea—
How few that know her treachery—
Go search the seas and then you'll find
Few true as I to all mankind.
I've leaped o'er rocks, I've run agroun',
But yet have my first man to drown—
When I see the boats glide o'er the main,
Could they patch me up, I'd sail again.
I'd seek the crew that sailed with me,
We knew each ôther, and could agree;
But I'm talking foolish, to say the best,
For they, like I, are laid to rest.
Some sleep in brine, and some on land,
There'd not be one to take command;
I've lived the perils of life to tell
So, cruel sea and ye dead, farewell!

"I pour out my lava at close of the day"

MOUNT PELEE AS DESCRIBED BY A SHEPHERD.

The giant Mount Pelee in Martinique belches
  Black smoke and hot ashes, as never before
Like armies in action, her craters are roaring
  And down her broad sides warm lava doth pour.

It rises and bubbles, like a great swelling river,
  Then seemingly pours in a bottomless well
Like the falls of Niagara, it roars amid thunder;
  No eye has witnessed this great pit of hell.

Now she is quiet, like the lion that sleepeth.
Deep down in her bowels is heaping corruption
Wild as the tiger, that hides until evening
Is only preparing for another eruption.

A rumbling is heard, like the wheels of a chariot
As were its steeds frightened on China's great wall,
Or the halo cut loose by God from the heavens
To land on old Babylon's tower so tall.

Now an outburst is heard, that jars the whole island,
Like numberless shells that together take flight
As were meteors ascending from earth unto heaven,
The island of darkness is now turned to light.

The earth seems aglow, like the feasts of Belshazzar.
Though once black as crape, is now white as wool.
The craters will shriek, like a whale that is wounded
Or swam too far, in Newfoundland's pool.

She again is quiet, like a lamb that is sleeping,
Then awakes like a lion, aroused by its prey,
And roars like the voice of God amid waters
And pours out her lava at closing of day.

The shepherd is dying, who told me this story,
His smiles as of yore I see them today
I picture him now, as he stood when describing
The two great eruptions of volcano "Pelee."

"I still held to her tail"

"FATHER'S TWENTY."

I'll tell you all a story
  If you have time enough,
Concerning Father's twenty
  When all was in the rough.

This farm was Father's hobby,
  For nature saved expense,
A river circling round it
  Left no room for a fence.

A mansion graced its center
  Whose roof in twain was cleft
High water washed the brick work
  Till naught but holes were left.

The reader may remember
  If not, I'll tell him that
The greatest cleft except the roof
  Was stuffed with my old hat.

I'm a big Shiawasse farmer,
  My Father once related,
And mortgaged for a cow
  To a man intoxicated.

You shall be the cow-boy, Dell,
  You're large around the breast,
And be like those jolly fellows,
  Now thriving in the west.

I longed for such experience,
  And merrily did I laugh
While pulling on my father's boots,
  Numbering twenty and a half.

That night the clouds sped o'er me,
  And I had lost my trail,
Then came a flash of lightning,
  I grasped the old cow's tail.

O'er logs, through brush and thistles, too,
  The old cow cut a dash,
While I hung on behind her,
  Till halted by a flash.

She leaped into the river,
  I, too, plunged in the tide,
I felt my tail holt slipping
  There was barbed wire on the side.

The old cow left me swinging
  I found my home at dawn,
My father stood aghast to find
  His boots and trousers gone.

But when his boots came down a raft,
  He enraged made me elope,
And that old cow that made our herd,
  Has long been dead, I hope.

"A QUARREL WITH THE MOON."

Oft in the night I ramble, moon,
With the lady I love best
While you, curved like my powder horn,
Hang lightless in the west.

Men, women, children old and young,
And beggars pass thee by
And from your dome you give a light
To men far worse than I.

I ask of thee, What have I done?
Thou great and silvery ball,
God crowned and made thee king of night,
And said, Give light to all.

I say once more, Oh partial moon,
In darkness we pass by,
While you behind some tiny cloud
Hang lightless in the sky.

The Moon:
I'll tell you, sir, why I abscond
Within this secret place.
Were I to shine, the world would sneer
At your best lady's face.

Her eyes are crossed, here nose is pugged,
False teeth she wears above,
And you admit, oh, simple man,
That she's the one you love!

Her feet are like two schooners,
She's freckled—yea and pale;
No wonder that on Christmas day
You bought for her a veil!

Yes, one word more I'll tell thee, sir,
Before you go away;
You'll dream tonight you are a fool
Have you aught else to say?

THERE IS MY HEART TONIGHT.

Where the flat-rock waters gurgle,
  Where the yellow paw-paws grow,
Where the 'possum climbs the gum-tree,
  Where the buzzards nest and crow;
Where the plover hides in meadows,
  Where the wild hare takes his flight,
Where I first met my Jennie—
  There is my heart tonight.

Where the red birds sweetly whisper,
  Where grows the mistletoe,
Where prairie-dogs are barking,
  Where the morning-dove doth coo;
Where flowers bloom in winter,
  Where frost ne'er turns them white,
Where honey-bees work ever—
  There is my heart tonight.

Where the cactus scents the breezes,
  Where frost is seldom known,
Where the nightingale doth warble,
  Where the lasso oft is thrown;
Where the eagle screams at mid-day,
  Where panthers meet and fight,
Where rattlers hiss in darkness—
  There is my heart tonight.

Where berries blush in woodlands,
  Where streams run ever free,
Where first we ate our dinner,
  Beneath an old oak tree—
'Twas here I kissed another
  In rapture and delight,
Where first she did upbraid me—
  There is my heart tonight.

Where the old white house is yearning,
  Where trees bow at the door,
Where their shade still mark the heather,
  Where neither come no more;
Where winds sing mournful ditties
  O'er her tomb by day and night,
Where she must slumber ever—
  There is my heart tonight.

"My only friend."

THIS OLD BANJO AND I.

Through woodlands and valleys, in darkness and light,
We journeyed together, night after night,
When none but the whippoorwill seemed to be nigh
We waited the sunshine, this banjo and I.

If rain fell in torrents, or mountains of snow,
On ever onward we ever would go.
We would ask of the stranger who would pass us by
The road to a village, this banjo and I.

How oft near a mountain I've kindled a fire!
With coat for a pillow I prepared to retire.
When weary from travel, both hungry and dry,
We would sound Yankee Doodle, this banjo and I.

The woodlands I love, to these my heart cleaves;
I've oft dreamed of heaven when at rest on the leaves;
When tears and starvation would my patience defy,
We would banish our troubles, this banjo and I.

This heart is not selfish but cold the world seems,
All I enjoy is my beautiful dreams.
In these I see mother and dearies pass by;
I awake—there's but two, this old banjo and I.

CLEAN TOLEDO, THEN OLD ENGLAND.

We pound the laws of England
With hammer and with frail,
When Man said do not murder,
He was cast at once in jail.

But what about Brand Whitlock,
Self-styled the mayor youth,
Fired one with spotless record,
Because he told the truth.

JUDGE AUSTIN'S WISDOM.

King Sol of old was wondrous wise,
But old time wisdom fades.
Judge Austin here could beat him blind
And give him cards and spades.

Jim don't turn loose the honey bees
To tell the false from true.
He weighs the justice, then he reads
The riot act to you.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Thru little deeds of kindness
  By experience we find
The old sun still keeps shining
  And pacifies the mind.
Speak kindly to the stranger
  Give aid to those who call
If time doth not repay us,
  Death will end it all.

THE END.

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